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HONCHO

HONCHO JULY 1988
VOLUME 11 NUMBER 7

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BREAKING THE BLOCK

BY PUG SNIDER
PHOTOS BY NAAKKVE

You never shit where you eat, so the old rule goes. And it held good in the case of me and Ernie. Working together on a small Midwestern daily—me as photographer, him as reporter—we were thrown together from the very start. Much as I wanted to get into his pants, I held off. Even after six months, when Ernie suggested that we save dough by sharing an apartment, something told me that doubling up would be rocking a boat that was already dangerously overloaded.

Working with the man was sheer pleasure. Lunches with Ernie could be, in turn, hilarious, instructive, argumentative, and, underlying it all, frustrating as hell. My thwarted desires were sublimated in a successful afternoon's assignment—Ernie hot on his typewriter, me on a high when my pictures complemented his reportage—but there was always a letdown at six P.M. We would have a couple of beers next door. Then Ernie would go his way and I would go mine.

My way was no farther than the local YMCA where I roomed cheap, could fill my stomach for a couple of bucks, work out a bit for nothing, and torture myself with close-up views of the whooping and hollering young stuff who used up most of the hot water and then paraded around in their jockstraps.

Ernie scorned exercise and had never set foot in the Y. As he told me more than once, his appetite demanded real home-cooking. This, it seemed, was supplied by a widow who lived in the part of town known as Rolling Acres Estates. As for my own appetites—if he ever so much as gave them a thought—Ernie never even hinted that they were in any way bizarre, immature, or significantly different from his own run-of-the-mill lustings. In his early thirties, a seasoned veteran of one war and one divorce, he was that rare bird in my life—a man painfully straight yet so full of deep feeling that a job well done called for bear hugs and kisses and more beer. These outbursts would come long after the paper had been put to bed, usually at the Keg and Bottle where we could celebrate alone, just the two of us, with a kind of closeness I always wished would go on and on and on. But it never did. When suppertime drew near, Ernie would start hankering for home-cooking and a shower out at the widow's place. With a fresh copy of the paper bearing "our" story and pictures, he would jump into his VW and leave me to go off in the opposite direction, my hard-on unsatisfied.

A guy can sublimate just so long. After one too many of these frustrating celebrations, I headed for the Y to beat off in the showers. There, I soon noticed that the adjoining locker was open, the door only half-screening the massive butt of a bodybuilder who was bent over massaging the bulging calf of a powerful leg hoisted onto the bench. Why is it that the slightest pain suffered by a large man—be it a hangnail or a hernia—is always evidenced by a great outward display? A small guy suffers with quiet dignity. A two-hundred-pounder yowls like a lion with a thorn in its paw.

I was barely into my jockstrap, dancing on one leg as I stuffed my balls and hardened cock into the pouch, still thinking of Ernie, when the bodybuilder—Mr. Illinois himself—turned and balanced his bulk by laying a huge hand on my shoulder. I had only glimpsed him a couple of times before and had been rather put off by his studied routine performed in front of the floor-length mirrors; yet here he was touching me as though we were locker-room buddies.

"You know, pal, it's like a charley-horse, only twenty times worse," he agonized. "Isn't that the damnedest thing you ever saw?"

The offending calf rested between us, a centerpiece of attention, second only to the eye-catching pair of balls and grossly thick, surprisingly red, uncut cock jutting out only a few inches from my face. When he suggested that I "feel it," I hesitated just long enough for him to add, "This damn knot—feel it." By now, he was stretched out on the bench with one leg in my lap, like the aforementioned lion begging for someone to remove the "thorn." I kneaded the knotted muscle, and he responded with vague whimperings, which, as he relaxed, became a series of grateful moans and words of encouragement: "That's it. Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah." And as he lowered himself flat down, his head supported in clasped hands, he was like a man sinking into the euphoria of a slow anesthetic. All the while, the weight of his calf pressing against my jockstrap was forcing my cock out of the confining elastic. Simultaneously, as the knot in my "patient's" calf muscle began to untangle, another knot was forming in his phallus, which was unhooded and redder and angrier than ever now that the seat of sensation had been transferred from leg to groin.

Simultaneously, as the knot in my "patient's" calf muscle began to untangle, another knot was forming in his phallus, which was unhooded and redder and angrier than ever.

Because of his reclining posture and the brilliance of the overhead fluorescent tube, I was permitted an unhurried inventory of his equipment. I have seen dongs whose very length makes them seem vulnerable to attack—threatening knob notwithstanding—but there is something about a slightly shorter but extremely thick member that gives the owner a sort of invincibility. Such was the case with the giant to whom I was ministering. I was just about to focus my ministrations on his throbbing meat when I heard a babble of young voices on the other side of the lockers. The local team had come in a bit earlier than usual, and by the time two of them had reached our aisle, Mr. Bodybuilder was on his feet, instantly alert and apparently engrossed in an inspection of my camera. The intruders, if they were aware of our presence at all—and I doubt it—merely saw two older guys immersed in a debate about the superiority of Japanese equipment over German or American.

The kids left and soon we heard them splashing into the pool beyond us. Once we were alone again, Bodybuilder's demeanor changed. "You with the paper?" he asked. When I answered in the affirmative by showing him a copy of the paper with the picture I had taken for Ernie's lead story, he asked, "Like to take some pictures of me? Poses? For the contest?"

One, two, three, and he had assumed what I guessed to be his favorite pose, kind of Grecian. The three-quarter profile gave me a view of his chiseled buttocks as well as his more than ample chest definition, not to mention the arrogant, curly-locked head sprouting from the short, thick, corded neck. Look at a man's neck and you can pretty well gauge the girth and general character of his dick.

"I have to submit three required poses," he explained. "You know, the regular stuff, for the judges. Think you could do that?"

In my mind, I was already arranging certain poses; they were not the kind that the judges would require. I tried to picture the guy in my bedroom, on my bed, but then it occurred to me that I would never be unable to get him past my landlady. In moving from the Y, I had made the mistake of getting into a situation where my every step was monitored from behind thin walls.

Fortunately, my new friend was ready with a solution. "We can take the pictures at my place," he volunteered. "I'm only a couple of miles out of town, and in this good weather we can pose me in the woods back of the cabin. Real nature stuff. And if you want to sell 'em to the skin mags, it's okay with me. We can split the money. I made a front cover a while back. That was before I had these pecs and glutes." He continued posing before the big mirrors, now wearing a baby-blue G-string that he had pulled out of his gym bag. "Oiled and under the lights I look even bet-

ter. So what do you say? Tomorrow's Sunday. Even give you breakfast."

It was an offer I couldn't refuse.

Whenever I had anything big on my mind, my thoughts always turned to Ernie. There was hardly anything in my life that did not call for his validation or veto. He was the brother I never had, the lover I desperately wanted. Yet whenever I talked of sexual matters, I always transposed my part of the discussion into the "proper" gender. Sometimes I would trip up and say "this guy" instead of "this gal" when recounting a sexual exploit. But Ernie never seemed to notice. He treated me like a "regular" guy. Occasionally, he would make a crack like, "Never liked Y's 'cause you can't ever tell when you might come up against one of those queers in the showers." Little did he know, apparently, that I was one of *those*. I had never so much as glimpsed Ernie's cock in the men's room at either the Keg and Bottle or the paper, let alone seen him unclothed. I only knew that if his body was anything like his face and hands, that if his passion was anywhere near as intense as his conversation, he was the man I would want to be washed up with on a desert island.

Anyway, that Saturday night I was killing time watching my landlady's TV when the phone rang. For some reason, I was sure it was Bodybuilder Rick calling to cancel the photo session. Summoned into the hallway, I was careful to keep my voice down since I knew the old bat would be straining to hear every word. But no worry. It was Ernie.

He seldom called me unless it was something momentous, in the positive or negative sense. This time it was negative. Every once in a while, Ernie would get a bad case of "writer's block" and simply could not get going on the novel he had been working on for over a year. More than once I had been able to get him over the hump, just by talking to him, mostly about my downstate upbringing. I had the feeling a lot of this material would wind up in his book, because he would always ask me to describe in detail the procession of unsavory foster parents who had made my childhood and early adolescence such a fucking nightmare.

But this time he was not blocked, he was angry. "The chief's killed my lead story that was set for Monday's paper. The Mayor didn't like it one little bit, so old fart-face scratched the entire thing—

I was not prepared for the Ernie who stepped out of the compact car that morning. Seeing him now in a skin-tight muscle shirt and the briefest of khaki shorts, I could only stare.

including your great pictures. Chief says to me, 'Get something noncontroversial and make it long enough—with plenty of pictures from Pug—to cover the gap we're stuck with on the front page.'"

Overriding my innermost feelings—hot and guilt-ridden—and momentarily erasing from my mind the various positions I had been concocting for my "poser" of the morrow, I blurted out my Sunday plans to Ernie. Here he was, my dearest and best friend in all the world, up the creek, and me with what could turn out to be the perfect noncontroversial replacement for his too-hot-to-handle expose of the landfill scandal down at Longridge Mills.

Knowing Ernie's suspicions about Y devotees, I left out the details of how I had met Rick and simply informed Ernie that there was a helluva good human-interest story right here in town about a local guy who stood a damn good chance of becoming Mr. Universe. "They made him Mr. Illinois in Springfield last month," I said, "and he's already consented to pictures. He says I can shoot a set of competition poses right in his backyard." Backyard sounded a little more respectable than "out in the woods," and I hastened to add that I was sure Rick would consent to an in-depth interview by the paper's star reporter. I suggested that Ernie drive out with me the next morning, but ten o'clock was too early, and besides, he didn't want to miss one of Grace's scrumptious Sunday breakfasts. I was pretty sure that Sunday morning with Grace was more than pancakes and sausages.

Anyway, when I gave him directions, Ernie responded enthusiastically with, "Gotcha! I'll be there by eleven. That'll give you plenty of time to do your picture-taking."

The morning sun was mercilessly hot, and even though I had worn skimpy cut-offs and an open shirt, I arrived at Rick's cabin dripping wet, slightly nervous, and more than ready for the cool beer he immediately handed me. His place was set well back from the road, and apparently he never bothered to wear clothes, even in the front yard where most of his gym equipment was scattered about like a kid's toys. He had obviously been working out: his body glistened with sweat, and the baby-blue G-string was wetted through so that his genitals were clearly visible. As I drank my beer and recalled how those genitals had been so nearly within my grasp the previous evening at the Y, he slipped the damp vestige of modesty away and doused his sac and fat piece of meat with beer. His dickhead emerged from its sheath as though asking for more of the refreshing liquid, and he was quick to grant the apparent request.

"One of our reporters is coming out in about an hour," I announced, seeking a distraction. "Ernie Hagstrom is our best man, and he'll

CONTINUED TO PAGE 75

SHORTY

Shorty works the meat counter at the A&P, Tuesdays through Saturdays. He wears loose white trousers and no underwear—you can tell by the way his sausage slides around his thigh as he walks—and his work shirt is always a crisp white, which shows off his year-round olive tan. He's only about five-foot-six, but his body is power-packed with hard muscle, and when he presses his crotch against the glass while filling a display case, it truly becomes the *meat* case.

Living in the West Village for the last three years, I've seen a lot of great-looking men walking the streets, and Shorty can hold his own with the best of them. I always try my best to not stare at him whenever I go to the Bleecker Street market where he works, but it isn't easy. Still, I've got to try. I don't want him to know what I'm about—not just yet, anyway. I want check out his attitude toward gay men first.

I see him frequently walking down Bleecker or Carmine Streets, always with the same girl, conversing quietly, sometimes arm-in-arm. She's an inch or so shorter than him, and her dark Sicilian features complement his northern Italian looks. His hair is a sandy brown, his eyes are big and dark, and he has a thinly clipped Gable-type moustache, the kind so many young macho Italians wear—clipped just enough so you can see their full pouty lips. His jeans always show a fully-packed basket, and his balls kind of roll as he walks. His thighs are so thick with muscle that they rub under his balls.

And Shorty *knows* how good he looks. Sometimes I'll catch him glancing at his reflection in store windows. He'll brush back a stray lock and then adjust his cock and balls.

One day I was walking by Carmine Street and there was Shorty, playing with some school kids who were running in and out of the spray from a fire hydrant. Shorty was shirtless and soaked, his body gleaming in the sun, the crack of his ass indicated by a dark stripe of wetness running up the back of his tight jeans—no underwear, as usual. When he turned to avoid a bucket of water being thrown at him, I could see his fat slab trying to break through the denim. He ran toward me, stopped, glanced at me for a second, then went back to the kids. It was the first time I'd seen his smile. He has a slightly crooked set of teeth, but it's nothing major; in fact it makes him seem all that more "Little Italy."

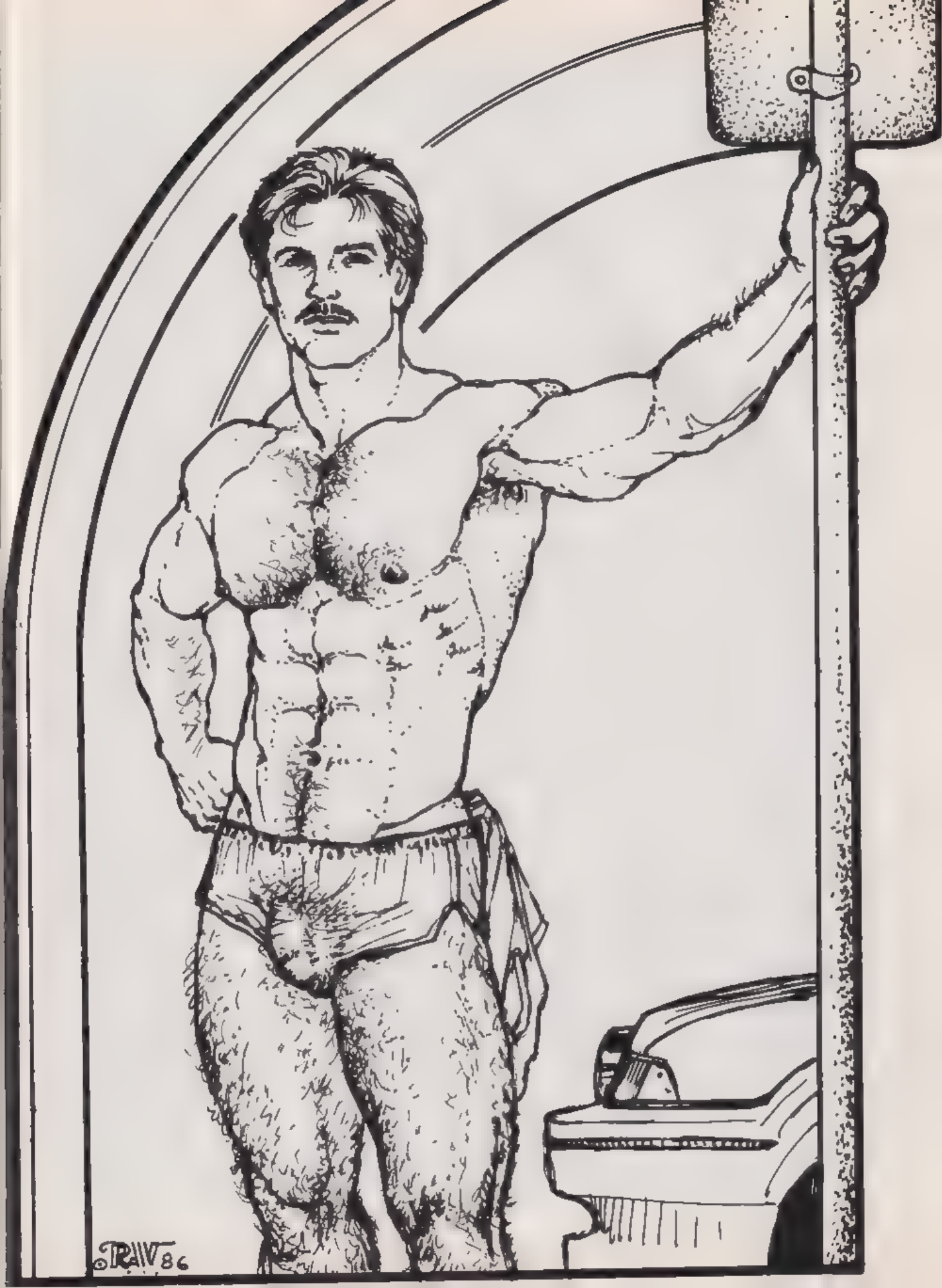
He has a high-pitched laugh, sort of odd for such a tough-looking man, and with the children, he laughed easily as he ran in and out of the spray. If I'd stopped to watch, it would have been too obvious. Standing around ogling a shirtless beauty running through a hydrant spray is not the sort of thing you do in that neighborhood.

The following day I went to the A&P to buy a whole chicken. I looked around for Shorty and saw him coming out of the back storage room with a huge tray of Perdue roasters. Apparently somebody in the storage room had just cracked a joke, because Shorty came out giggling. He saw me, nodded hello, and started unloading the tray in the display case. When he was done, as he returned to the back, he said to me, "How ya doin'?" I guess after weeks of watching his cock in the meat case and cruising him on the street, I'd made him aware of my face. And with my full beard, I don't look like every other Ghetto Gay.

I was going through the chickens when he came out again, with another heavy-laden tray. "These ain't been frozen yet, not like the ones you're lookin' at," he said. "I ain't supposed to tell ya dat, but so what." He laughed and left again. His thick New York-Italian accent was almost theatrical, slightly forced, as if in playful self-mockery. His smile, his laugh, his accent all had me intrigued. How straight was he?

He wouldn't be the first "straight" I'd gone after. At home in the South End of Boston, I'd been known as "Father Converter" to my gay buddies. I don't know what it is

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD A. WHITE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Shorty was shirtless and soaked, his body gleaming in the sun, the crack of his ass indicated by a dark stripe of wetness running up the back of his tight jeans—no underwear, as usual.

that makes straights so attractive to me. Maybe it's because in the South End the most "masculine" men were the street punks, the tough guys. The toughest of them were the ones I'd always manage to bring out. But Shorty wasn't like that. He was intensely serious sometimes, but I'd also seen him giggly and gleeful. He had a sense of humor, even about himself.

When he reappeared with yet another tray, I suddenly realized I'd been picking over the same chicken throughout his absence, as if in a trance.

"Guess ya must be pretty fussy, huh?"

He grinned and turned to the task at hand, and I looked up out of my rapture and lied, "Yeah, company coming." Then I picked up the plumpest chicken and headed for the check-out.

"Good cookin'," Shorty called.

I gave him a quick wave and hurried on my way.

Back in my apartment, I put the chicken away in the fridge, then lay on my bed and thought about you-know-who. I saw his thick-knobbed cock sliding out the fly of his white pants and slipping into the display case. It twitched and swelled, and the foreskin slid back. He reached into the case and squeezed the underside of the spongy shaft, and a few drops of leftover piss rolled out from under the foreskin. The piss steamed in the chilly meat case as his fingers slid the slimy foreskin back all the way. His piss hole was so deep and dark, it looked like a small mouth.

As I fantasized about him, my cock grew against my belly. I churned my balls and stroked my thickening horn and, in my mind's eye, watched Shorty drop his pants and shove his asshole into the meat case. There were small tufts of sandy-brown hair around his pink ass lips. He rubbed them, then shoved his cock back through his legs, bent it, and slipped the head into his own asshole.

I was close to coming already, and in my mind I watched Shorty fuck himself until he was ready to blow. When he did, his load shot all over the display case window and ran down the icy glass, and I shot all over my belly.

That night, it was as humid as New York can get in July, and everyone was wearing as little as possible. For me, it was a T-shirt and gym shorts, but the heat was still unbearable. I ducked into an air-conditioned bar on Christopher Street, mounted a stool at the far end, and gazed out the front window at the sweaty sidewalk meat. The cold draft beer in the icy mug felt so good going down, and the chill on my lips brought back my dream of Shorty's seed on an icy slab of glass. I even imagined I saw his face through the golden bubbles at the bottom of my mug. And when I lowered the mug and wiped the foam from my beard, the vision of Shorty didn't go away. He was standing outside the bar, shirtless, his gym shorts practically transparent. Surrounded by a group of Chelsea clones, most of them with wrists flapping and hands on hips, Shorty giggled and laughed along with them. *Oh, no. It can't be*, I thought. *He* can't *be one of* that *sewing circle*. I walked slowly to the front of the bar, keeping myself hidden in the crowd and the shadows.

The "Chelsea Girls" were fluttering around Shorty like sea gulls circling a fishing boat. He basked in the attention, constantly flashing his crooked-toothed grin. He didn't flutter his body like they did, but the mere fact of his *talking* to them brought into question my cherished fantasy. In only a few seconds, he'd gone from being *apart* from my world to being too much *of* it. The serene, aloof statue had become all too human, all too familiar with the "queenly" vernacular. And as the polarity between us lessened, so did my attraction.

Yet, observing how his eyes darted around at passers-by, I was heartened by what looked like a slight uneasiness on his part with his magpie companions. Although he was obviously enjoying their humor, he seemed self-conscious about the looks of disdain tossed his way by the other men cruising Christopher Street.

All of a sudden, as if someone had said, "Sale on eye-liner at Macy's," the magpies flew away. Shorty's smile faded as he gazed about the street. When he raised his left leg and rested it on a car bumper, I could see a plump peach of a testicle straining at the nylon pouch inside his shorts, and a tuft of light golden cock fur peeked out beyond the hem. Continuing to survey the street scene, he gripped a sign post and held his pose in silence, and my fantasies began to reassert themselves. The overhead street lamp made deep shadows in the cuts of his pecs and abs. There was the lightest dusting of hair on his chest, and a thin line ran from his navel toward his cock. His pubic hair made a dark patch in the front his thin shorts, and I could see the outline of his fat cock curving out and down and drooping over his big balls inside the pouch.

When he saw me through the window, he looked delighted. He grinned broadly and nodded his recognition, then tossed his shirt over his shoulder, strode into the bar, and joined me on the window seat. "How ya doin', man?" he said, thrusting out his right hand.

I grinned and shook with him.

"I didn't know ya went this way," he went on, full of good humor and

apparently genuinely glad to see me. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Val. What are you called, besides Shorty?"

He laughed. "That's a joke wit' duh meat room guys. Dey know I got a long one, so dey call me Shorty, the fuckers. Name's Angelo. Call me Angel. What's Val short for—Valentine?"

I was staring at his legs, which were the hairiest part of him. I forced myself to look away from them and replied, "Close. It's short for Valentino. Valentino Botero. Irish."

We both laughed, then settled into small talk about growing up Italian. Angel's eyes danced and flashed as he spoke. I heard very little of what he said.

When I got up for another round, I noticed several guys watching us with approving smiles. I was a little embarrassed by being on public display, but Angel seemed to bask in the attention, making a show of adjusting his balls as I returned to him—a true Italian.

He mentioned how much taller I was than him and confessed that he was envious. "I always wanted to be able to see over people's heads. But I guess by now I've stopped growing, huh?" He raised his mug and gulped, then continued with his chatter. "My sister finally got her own place, so now I got de apartment all to myself. Too bad she took the air-conditioner wit' her. I'll be sweatin' my balls off tonight!"

I grinned and said, "I don't think you're in any danger of sweating those coconuts away."

I poked his over-stuffed crotch and he giggled again. "Don't wake de baby unless ya wanna feed it."

"What does it like to eat?" I asked, not giggling.

He got quiet then, and his face took on a serious expression as he whispered, "Now that my sister's gone, I can live my life like I wanna. This is my first time here, but it won't be my last."

Now the pieces fell together: tight-knit family, live-in sister, then the sister moves out and the brother hits the streets to look for cock—*very* Italian.

Angel poked my crotch and beamed at me. "And what's *your* baby eat?"

Our cocks were long enough that he could bend way over and push his meat back between my legs and into my hole—until we were both inside each other at the same time. I couldn't believe the sensation!

I looked down at his thick shoulders, sleekly curved arms, woolly legs, and bulging crotch. "Italian sausage, gravy, and hot loaves," I said.

"You air-conditioned?"

I laughed out loud at his boyish directness.

"I guess that means yes, huh?" he chuckled.

"Yes. Let's go," I said, despite the nagging doubts that I couldn't shake since seeing him among the magpies.

I'd thought ahead, so the apartment was glacial when we walked in. "Oh, yeah, man," said Angel approvingly. He tossed his shirt to the floor and flopped onto the sofa. "Feels fuckin' great in here." He sat with his legs spread, and his ball started to poke out again. When I offered him more beer, he responded, "Sure, if you'll join me."

He bolted up and followed me into the kitchen. I'm lucky enough to have a roomy one, which is very important to an Italian who likes to cook.

"Big fuckin' kitchen," he exclaimed. "Jeez, mine ain't half the size of this." I handed him an icy bottle of beer, took one for myself, and joined his toast: "To the free life, right?"

Glancing inside the refrigerator and noticing the chicken I'd bought from him that day, he said, "Hey, that'd cool off our cocks. Drag it outta there." He dropped the front of his shorts and let his thickening cock and loose-slung balls plop out over the waistband. I was so shocked, I almost dropped my wet beer bottle. "C'mon, drag out da bird. My baby's hungry."

His cock was fully hard by the time I got the bird off the plate onto the counter. He stroked his horn until it reached a fat seven inches. On a compact body like Angel's, seven inches was almost another leg.

"Watch dis," he said. "Feels like a mouth with ice cubes in it," and with that, he slipped his mule-dick into the chicken.

I kept telling myself I should be grossed out, but the sight of his big hands gripping the chicken and shoving it over his shaft got me fully hard in an instant. This man was wild.

"Now dat's what I call refreshing. Put yours in the other end an' we'll *both* fuck it." I pulled out my cock. "Yeah, Val, you got a good Italian slab. Dere, shove it in."

He held the chicken toward me and I slid my dong inside until my helmet met his, which felt hot as fire in contrast to the icy bird. He plowed in and out, and his cock rubbed against mine with such ferocity I was afraid I was going to blow my load right then and there.

"Man, you're hot, babe. Let's wash our dicks off and get down to some real fuckin'."

He slid his big bone out of the chicken and I could only think how much I wanted it in me, and mine in him. We rinsed off our cocks at the sink, then went into the bedroom, stripped, and hopped into bed. The cotton sheets were cool and crisp, but Angel was burning hot with desire.

God, but he was such a tight, thick little package! I could barely get my arms around his barrel chest. He wrapped his massive legs around me and squeezed me like a

lime over gin. Our cocks slid against each other, and the heat from his cock bush soaked my crotch with sweat. He sucked at my tongue and nursed it until the back of my throat ached. Then he rolled me onto my back and slurped, sucked, and kissed his way down my body, humming with pleasure and taking little tiny bites of my chest and belly.

When he got to my cock, I tried to run my hands through his hair, but his powerful arms gripped my wrists and pinned me to the bed. As he slurped loudly, sloppily at my dickhead and shaft, my balls rolled to and fro. Then he swallowed my helmet and clenched his teeth around my pole, and the pressure slowed my burgeoning climax. He knew what he was doing, all right—and what he wanted.

He looked up at me and, grinning broadly, whispered, "Don't you come yet. We got a lotta business to do, Val."

Hearing him call me by name suddenly added something intense and intimate: it was really happening...he was here with me...he knew my name.

He rolled me over onto my belly so swiftly that I thought I'd fly off the bed. Then he drove his tongue between my parted cheeks and into my hole. He plunged so deep and with such frenzy that my hole burned from the friction. "Loosen up, Val," he whispered between jabs. "You know how much you want my hog in your hole. Then you can shove yours in mine. Open it, babe. Yeah, dat's it. Now lemme blow some cool air in dere. Dat better? Man, lookit your butt open for Angel. Mmmmmm..."

As soon as he had me good and primed, he slid his mouth away from me, and in a flash he was lying on his back and rubbing spit all over the head of his dong. "You're still a little tight, Val. Come sit on me, ease onto it at your own pace."

I hadn't been penetrated in a long time, but this power-packed little pug had me salivating to get him inside my guts. I squatted over him and slowly lowered myself. He gripped my cheeks and spread them, his eyes were riveted to mine, as I slid his cock inside me. I couldn't believe how thick it was—a goddamn cucumber with a lemon for a head. My insides screamed from being stretched so wide, but his stare held me as he started raising and lowering me, sliding his pole all the way to my fucking spine, then almost all the way out of me, so that I could count every fraction of an inch of his dong. I let him do the work, his feet flat against the bed as he bounced me on his hairy thighs. His legs were so powerful they supported my entire 180 pounds each time he raised me into the air. I gripped his hips and held fast to his thrashing body. *This was what it's like to really get* fucked! I thought. It had been so long since I'd let myself surrender completely to another man, and the release felt fantastic.

I told him I was close to coming.

"Can you blow off more than once, babe?" he asked.

I knew I could, so without saying another word I shot my boiling oysters into the air, and they spilled onto his erect nipples.

"Yeah, oh, yeah! Good man, good man...shoot that shit all over me, Val!" he yelled.

As soon as my cum stopped flowing, Angel lowered me to the bed. I sat there, sore as hell, his rock-hard cum-maker still swelling in my guts.

"Lift off real slow now. My turn," Angel whispered.

I eased off him, and he lay back and raised his legs, then spit onto his fingers and rubbed his cock.

"Now, eat me out and make me want it even more'n I already do," he said, grinning at me from between his upraised thighs. "Suck my ass!"

As I reamed him out, he became a sighing little boy. He was so different suddenly from the stud who had just shot flames up my ass. He stroked my hair as I gripped his thighs and pinned him to the bed.

"I want you in me," he sighed. "Please...all of it in me...work my ass open wit' your kisses. Yeah, right dere. Kiss it. Yeah, now suck it, suck it! More, Val, *more*. Now shove dat meat in me."

I was poised over him, spitting onto the head of my cock. Suddenly, he wrapped his furry thighs around me, slammed his ass into my cock, impaled himself on my cock. Before I knew what had hap-

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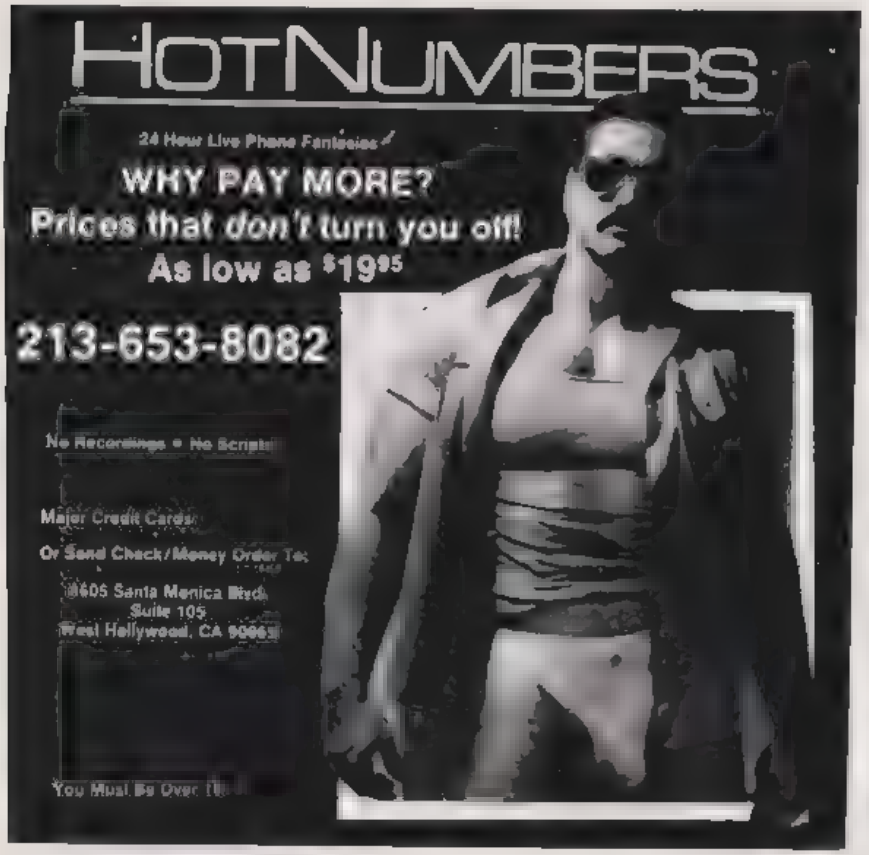
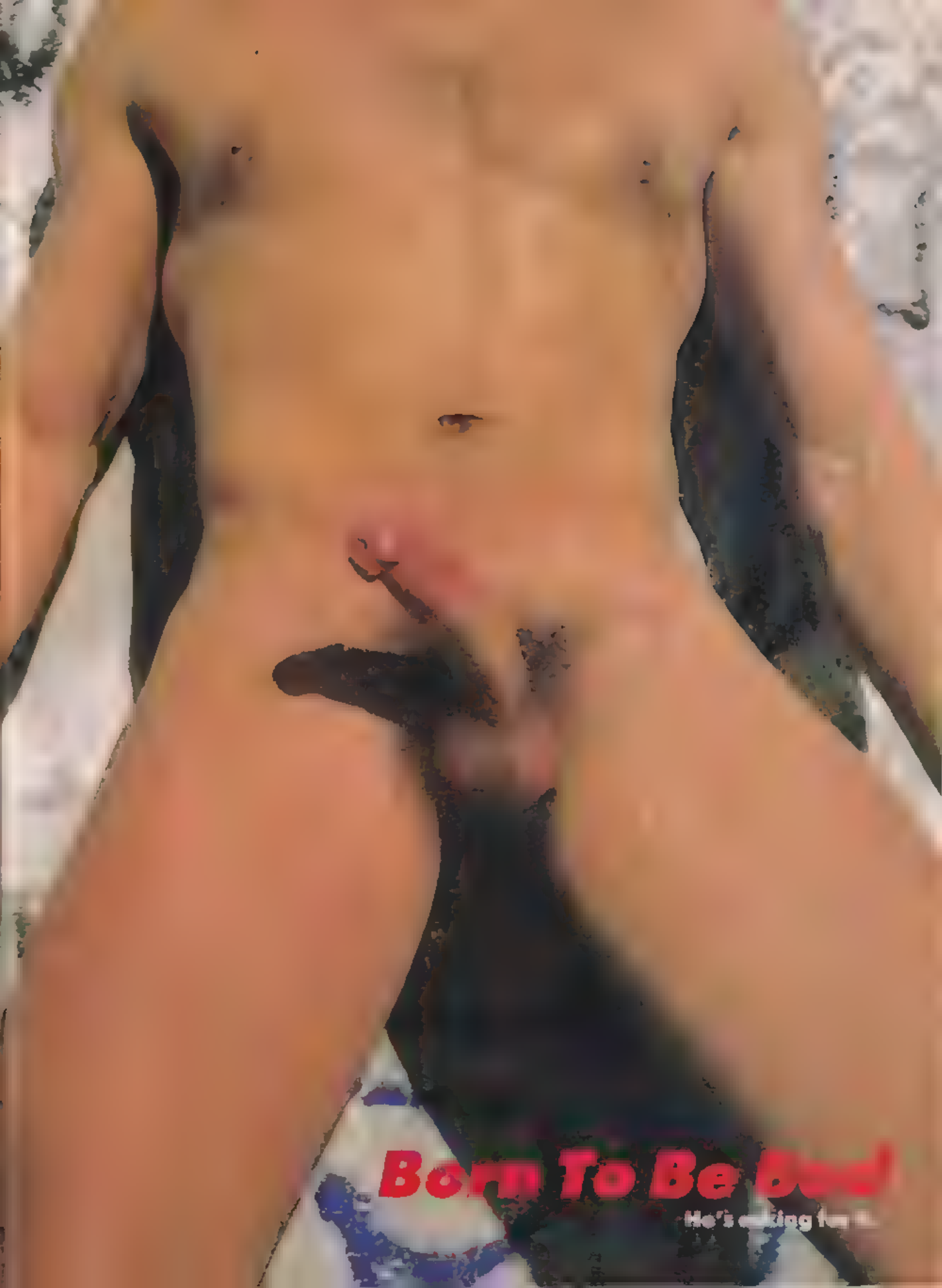


Born To Be Bad

This guy likes it down and dirty.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GAL STEPHENS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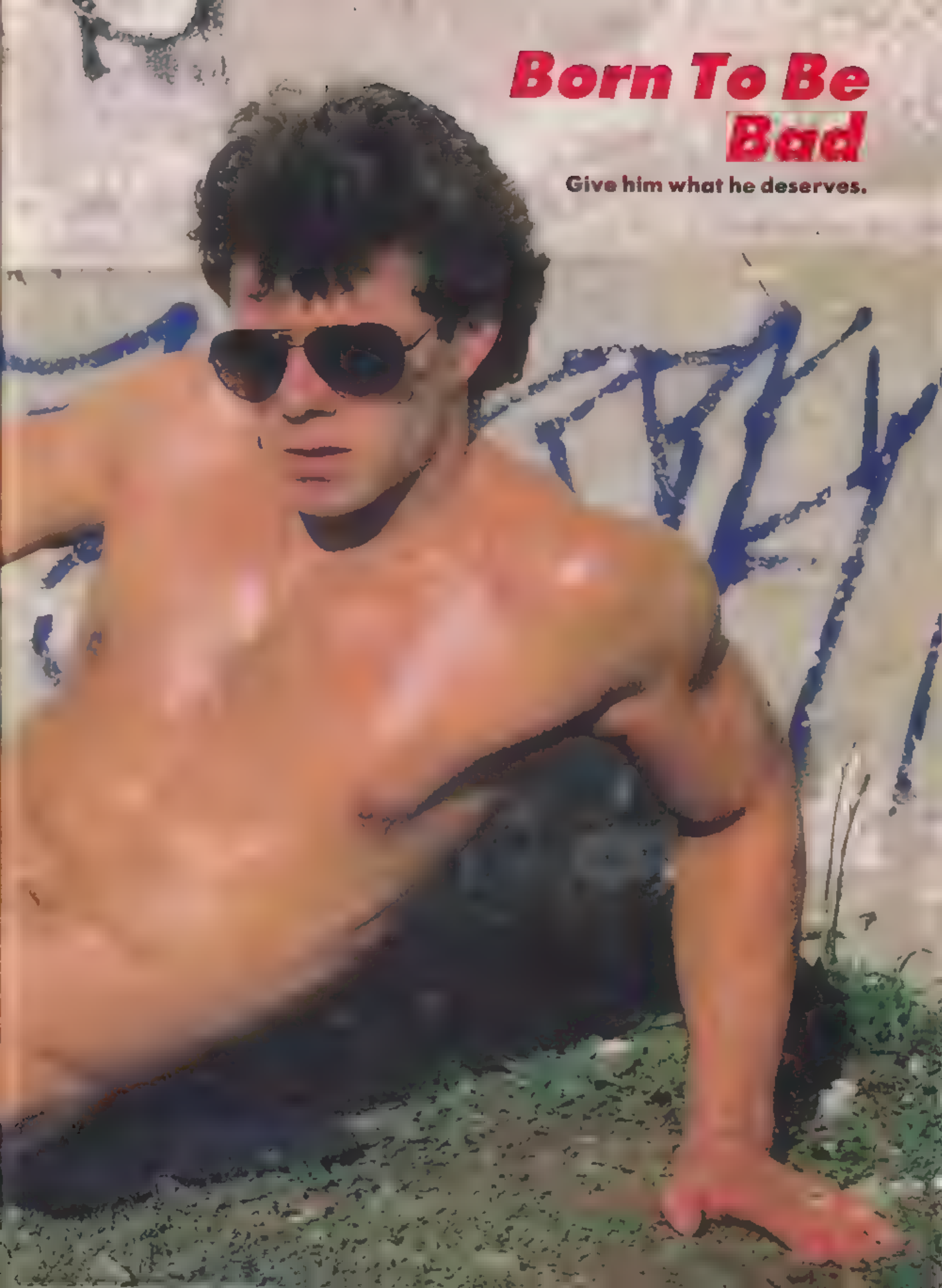
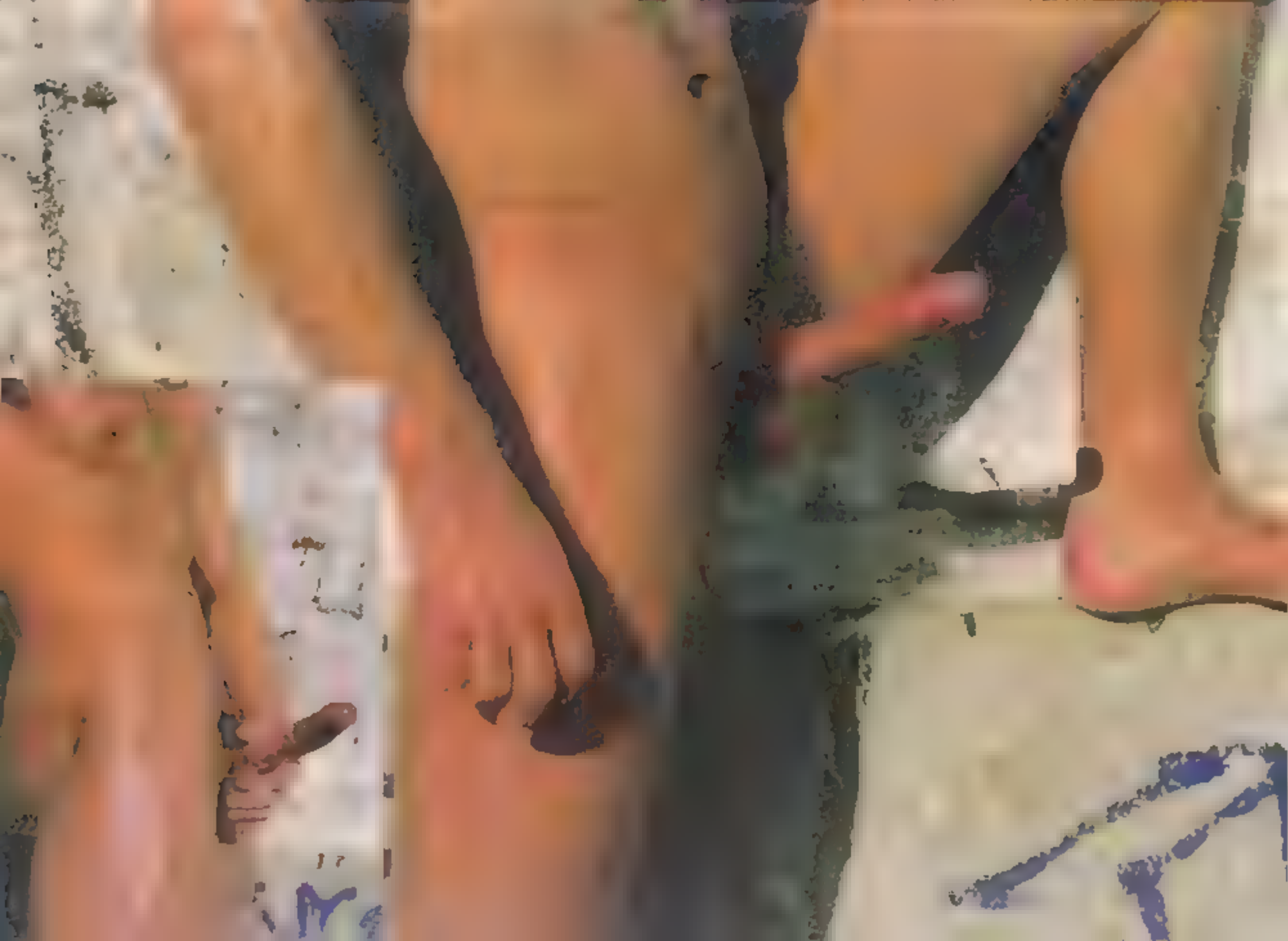

Born To Be
Bad
Give him what he deserves.



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SHORTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

pened, he had all of me inside him and was thrashing wildly underneath me. I pounded into him, then pulled out almost all the way. He kept up with my pummeling, at the same time pulling my head down into a kiss. His asshole sucked my cock as hard as his mouth was sucking my tongue.

"We can both fuck at once, y'know," he said. "Lie back and lemme show ya."

He grinned impishly as I lay back, careful not to slip out of his ass. Then he turned himself so that his back was to me, bent forward over my legs, and slid his cock under his balls and back under his asshole to where my log was pumping him. Our cocks were long enough that he could bend way over and push his meat back between his legs and into my hole—until we were both inside each other at the same time. I couldn't believe the sensation. I looked at him sitting forward on my cock, his solid butt spread open, my slab sliding in and out. And as I slid into him, he shoved his cock back and rammed into me at the same time.

"Ready, Val?" he gasped. "I'm gonna shoot into you. Gimme your load too. Plow into me and plant dat seed in my hole!"

With that, the two of us exploded inside each other, our bodies bucking around as we shot load after load of hot cream. I felt Angel's juices sloshing inside me, and at the same time I could feel his hole clenching my cock, nursing every drop of juice out of me.

Finally the torrent began to subside. Angel chuckled and licked at my feet, then slowly sat up and let his cock slide out of me. But his asshole didn't let go of my cock. He lay back on my chest and pulled my arms around him. I hugged him close as he kissed the palms of my hands. We were spent and satisfied, and it was time now for tenderness. I moved us onto our sides, and we drifted to sleep.

Early the next morning, I rose and went to the living room to close the blinds. The windows faced east and the sunrise was streaming in. No sense overworking the air-conditioner. I walked back to the cool, dark bedroom and looked at Angel lying with his arm drawn behind his head, his hard-on flopping to the side, his plump loose-hanging balls drooping down between his thighs.

When I approached the bed, he stirred, held out his arms, stared at me, and whispered, "I thought you'd abandoned me. But you're back. Hold me."

I climbed in next to him and held him tight. He kissed me softly, then, taking my head in his hands, he whispered into my ear, "I don't care if you mean it, but tell me you love me, Val."

I was so moved by what he had said, that in that instant, I meant it when I replied, "But I *do* love you."

He held me tight and we slept some more.

The following day, I went to the A&P not really sure what the aftermath of our indulgence would be, wondering if he would want anything more to do with me. I walked to the meat counter and gave Angel a tentative grin. He beamed brightly back at me, and I could see the relief in his face.

"I got something for ya," he said. "Got a few minutes?"

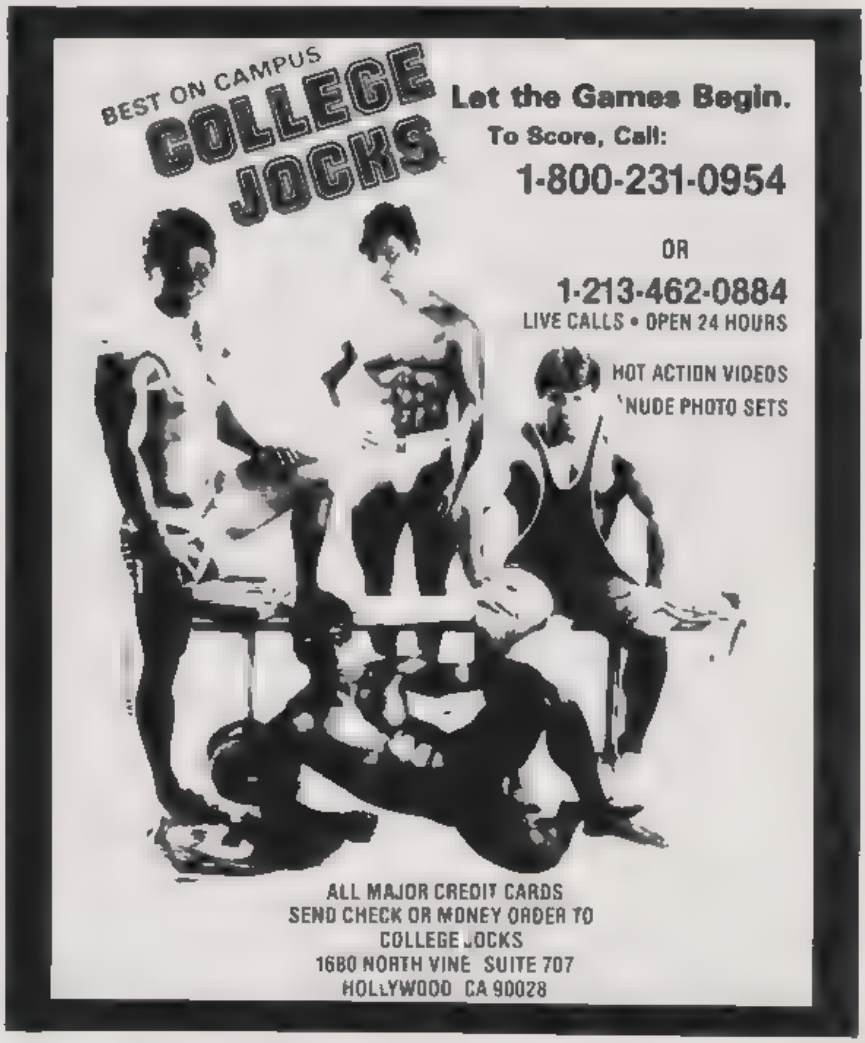
"I nodded yes, and he went into the back. He was gone about five or six minutes, and when he returned he was flushed. He looked around to make sure there were no other staff members watching him, then handed me a freshly wrapped chicken with a very worn-looking hole.

I grinned and asked, "Wanna come for dinner?"

"I already did," he whispered.

"I'll eat it as soon as I get home. See you at six."

He laughed and went back to work. I went home and stuffed a chicken, for the second time. ■



Life in the JOCK capitol of the world!

I live in a small Eastern city that has the distinction of being the "Jockstrap Capitol of the World." Not that the local chamber of commerce sponsors sexy billboards at the city limits proclaiming this honor, but still, hundreds of thousands of jockstraps are trucked out of the textile factory here for one of the world's largest manufacturers. For a short period a while back, tours of the athletic goods plant were offered. At the end of the tour, you were offered your choice of a free jock or knee pads, like you used to get free cereal samples when you toured the plants in Battle Creek, Michigan.

Recently, you may have noticed, the biggest jock manufacturer redesigned the shape of the plastic protective cups. Richard, the company executive under whom I work, says it's because the cups didn't offer enough protection. In my opinion, it's just another arbitrary design change aimed at sprucing up sales, like Coke's bungled attempt at "improvement." Yet Richard insists that "the old cups were too wide and didn't allow enough depth for the genitals." I must admit that the new cups are a little more comfortable, and the new, sleeker design offers a much more flattering look under jeans or shorts.

As you might expect, change was the result of a lot of company research and development. About two years ago, Richard approached me with an unusual offer. Seems the company needed a couple of subjects to test the dozen or so new designs for the jock cups they were considering. My friend thought my lover and I might be interested, because, well, we're jockstrap fanatics and have a sir-boy relationship that Richard felt would lend itself to some wild fantasy scenes while we were rating and evaluating the cups. Besides, we'd be receiving a thousand-dollar "research assistance fee" for our efforts.

Cad, my boy, is twenty-two, short, hairless, and convincingly adolescent in appearance. He couldn't have been more surprised when Richard dropped off a box from the jock company containing a wild assortment of prototypes. He knew nothing about the official status of our "moonlighting" until our research was well underway. He simply knew, as always, that he was to follow my instructions.

"Get naked and put on number one," I said when I arrived home that evening.

Each jock—fourteen in all—had

"Hmmmm, hard and ready for me," one man said as he brushed his hand across my man's crotch, probably believing that the soft, spongy foam this particular cup was made of was actually my man's sex-starved prick.

BY MARK G. BLAZER
ILLUSTRATED BY MATT

10"
5"
10½"
THE PROBLEM
HARD TO FIT TEST MODEL
#46
DOUBLE STRAP + POUCH
#13
ENFORCED CENTER RIB
SEPARATE POUCHES
#69
DOUBLE POUCH SIDE HOLSTER
MATT

In our tests, I had my man assume positions while wearing the cups. "Stand up straight, legs spread, hands behind your back," I ordered, then retrieved a hockey stick I had purchased earlier.

been given a number for identification purposes. The cloth bands were all basically the same. It was the cups that were different of shapes and materials. I flipped through the enclosed instructions to review the categories we'd be rating the jocks on.

"Comfort Level, Degree of Protection, External Noticeability, Profusion of Sweat," I read aloud to my boy as he stood naked, brimming with curiosity and anticipation. "We're going to have a helluva lot of fun."

I could see that the first jock was undersized. My boy's cock, already semi-erect, was extending well outside the padded lip of the cup. I decided to tackle the "External Noticeability" category first. Richard had said we need only to establish a relative scale for the assortment of jocks, and we could do that in whatever way we deemed appropriate.

"Slip into your tightest jeans and harness," I told my boy.

I loaded the rest of the jocks into the car and drove with my boy to one of the cruisier bars in town. My boy then paraded through the place, wearing each of the jocks in turn and following generally the same path, while I observed how many men groped him each time. Some of the cups made him look like a half-dozen socks had been stuffed into my boy's groin, producing such a big bulge that the effect was grotesque, a turn-off to most people. Others were so flat that they looked like my boy had used too much starch on his pair of shorts. One jock, number seven, offered a nice balance by appearing to outline a semi-erect nine or ten inches wrapping down my boy's left leg.

"Hmmm, hard and ready for me," one man said as he brushed his hand across my boy's crotch, probably believing that the soft, spongy foam this particular cup was made of was actually my boy's sex-starved prick. Any other night I would have invited the stud home with us to work my boy over, but we were employees now. After all, the fate of millions of cocks and balls depended on our ratings.

We gave jock number seven our highest rating for "External Noticeability." This one didn't create the largest bulge, but its tube-like shape was the most alluring. One man muttered over and over, "A real fuck-boy, a real fuck-boy," as my boy walked through with this cup on. The guy yanked the "fuck-boy" over to him by his harness, but I yanked my boy right back into his path. "Some other night, fellow," I told the guy, who was smart enough not to make a scene.

Cup number two got our lowest rating in this category. We described it as representing "a narcissistic ballet dancer with a triple hernia."

We took several days to test for "Degree of Protection."

"Okay, boy, this is where you get to scream if you want to," I said, adjusting a jock on his crotch, after having bound him spread-eagled to our bed. He gets off on rough, physical sex—nothing injurious, you understand, just enough pain to let him know that he's alive and I'm the boss.

"First, we're going to try a simple knee," I said, then rammed mine into his groin. I did this for all the cups, assigning relative protection values to each, based on how loud my boy screamed, how much he pleaded for me to stop, and how much sweat broke out on his face. Cup number eight was a piece of shit. It broke in two during the test, causing my boy so much pain that we had to wait half an hour before continuing our research.

We continued our tests on "Degree of Protection" over the next couple of weeks, skipping a day between each series of tests because the boy's balls usually ended up so swollen that, for the sake of fairness, we had to wait for the nuts to return to normal size. In our tests, I had my boy assume various positions while wearing the cups.

"Stand up straight, legs spread, hands behind your back," I ordered, then retrieved a hockey stick I had purchased earlier. "You can let me know how bad it hurts with your screams."

He did. I'd take the stick and yank it up into his crotch, simulating a real-life possibility. The range of protection offered by the different

MATT

cups was amazing. Some were engineered quite well, and my boy didn't bat an eye. Others had such obvious flaws that I felt sorry for my boy's anguish.

"Now crouch down, like a catcher."

This time I took golf swings into his nuts with a baseball bat. Then I moved away a couple steps and pitched a softball into the cups. This particular test didn't work very well. My pitch was faulty, and I kept knocking my boy over with errant throws.

MATT

After removing each jock from my man, I would wrap it around my head and give the pouch several whiffs. I could get an idea of how much sweat the jock produced and, more important, the erotic smells kept my dick hard for continued fuck tests.

I decided to combine the tests for "Comfort Level" and "Profusion of Sweat." First, I had my boy don a jock. Then I ordered him to lie face down on the floor with his legs and arms spread. The cup, of course, would be grinding into his groin.

"We're *both* going to give these cups a rating on comfort, boy. You'll wear each of them while I fuck you, and I'll rate the tightness of your ass." I reasoned that he'd be able to relax more if a particular cup was comfortable. "You rate its comfort, too, boy, on a scale of one to ten. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," he said.

Of course, as we proceeded, I had to allow for the fact that the boy's ass became progressively looser due to my fucking and the quantity of lube accumulating around his asshole. The routine was always the same: I'd throw him ten long, deep strokes, then holler, "Rating, boy?" He was usually quick with a response, though on a couple occasions he obviously couldn't make up his mind.

"Rating, boy, rating!" I'd scream, driving my cock deeper into his ass.

"Eight—no eight and a half," he said once.

"Precise rating," I commanded.

"Oh, God," he moaned, twisting beneath me. "Eight, goddammit!"

I yanked my dick from his ass and slapped his butt hard with my hand. "Don't you yell at me, boy! *Ever*!"

"Yes, sir," he said meekly.

At the same time that we were testing for comfort, I was also rating the jocks on "Profusion of Sweat." After removing each jock from my boy, I would wrap it around my head and give the pouch several whiffs. This approach served a double purpose: I could get an idea of how much sweat the jock had produced and, more important, the erotic smells kept my dick hard for continued fuck tests.

It took us several weeks to complete the process, after which I wrote up a long report summarizing our findings for Richard.

"You can keep the samples," he said. "We don't have much use for used jocks."

"Hell," I said, "if you guys were smart, you'd start selling smelly, stained, used jocks. Think of the market from jock-hungry guys like my boy and me."

"I'll have to present that idea at the next board meeting," he said with a wink.

I was real happy to get to keep the jocks, because now we have some styles in our collection that no one else has, several of them prototypes that will never be mass-produced.

A couple of days after I turned in my report, Richard dropped off an envelope at my office. Inside was a check for 1500 dollars and a note that read, "The big shots were really impressed with your work. They want to keep you on retainer for ongoing research and development. The extra five hundred was their idea. Though they consider some of your procedures somewhat unorthodox, nevertheless they are going with your recommendation. Thanks for your work."

I smiled, took out a black magic marker, and wrote on the envelope before bringing it home to my lover. I didn't say a word, just kissed him and handed him the envelope.

"To the jock boy, with love, for a job well done," he read. His eyes bulged when he looked inside the envelope and saw the check.

"Quite a way to earn a living, eh?" I said.

"Yeah—I mean, yes, sir."

"Let's fuck, boy!"

"Yes, *sir*!" ■

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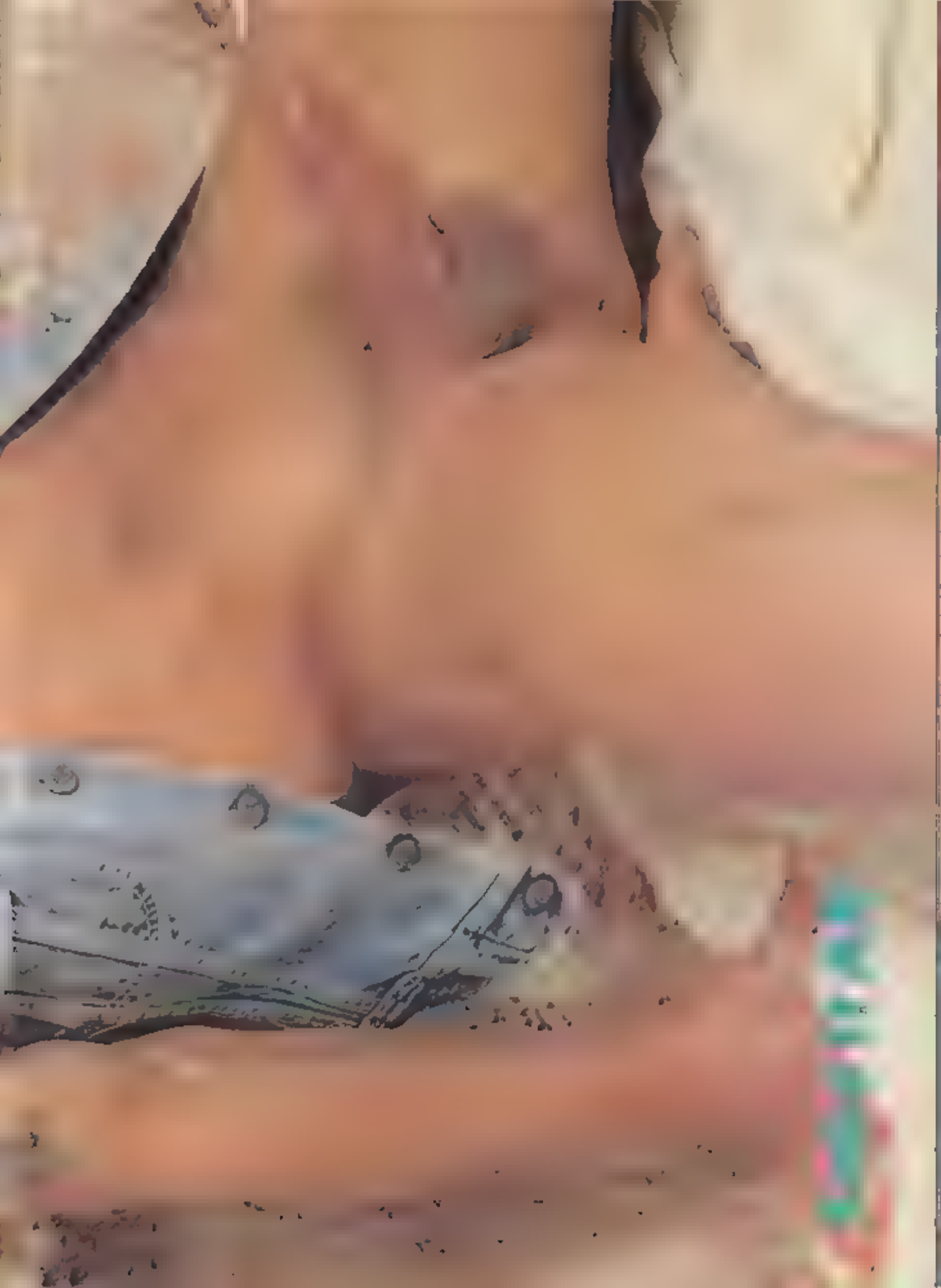
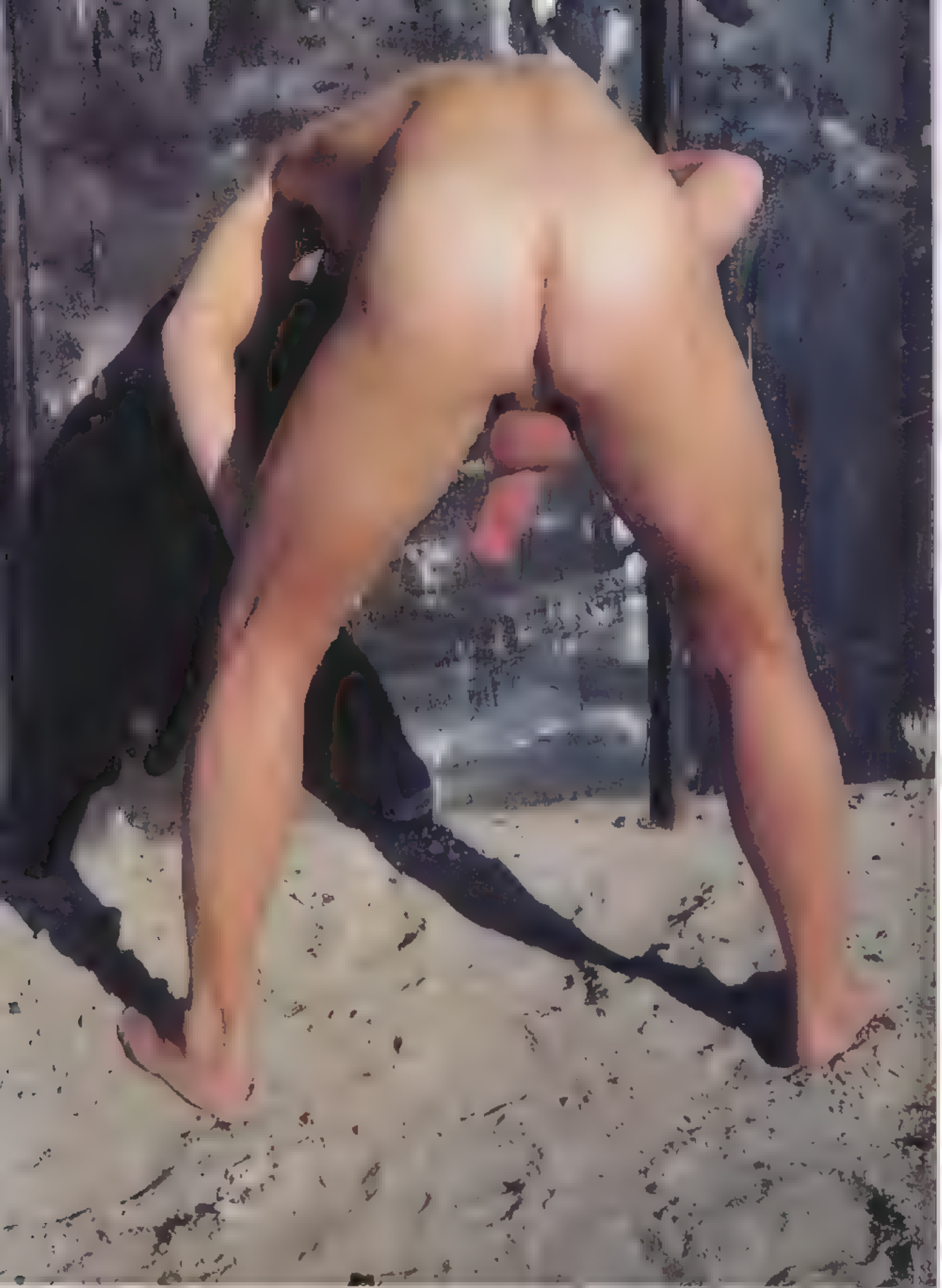
Take It All

Take It All
Sit up and beg for your bone.





NIGHT HEAT

BY THOM LONG
PHOTO BY CITYBOY

The full moon had stirred everyone's emotions, and by Saturday all hell was ready to break loose. I needed to do some breaking loose myself, and with with emotions running so high, I was pretty confident of making out that night. So when I hit the bar, I was loaded with anticipation.

Dead stop: a summer Saturday night in Florida is no time to lose the air conditioning in a gay bar. Just inside the door the air was so heavy with heat and sweat that breathing became an exercise of will. I downed a beer and was ready to vamoose.

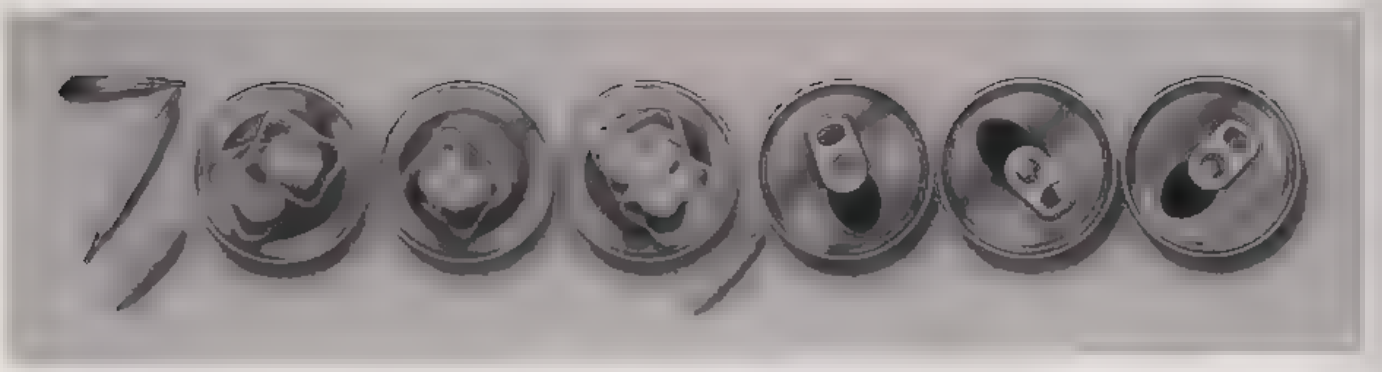
It wasn't just the broken-down air-conditioner. After a year in a small city on the west coast of Florida, I had sunk into a stultifying routine. I needed something new in my life, something exciting. I needed to get out and about the town more.

The air didn't feel any cooler in the street, and there seemed to be more people outside the bar than inside. Sweat continued to pour down my chest, widening the V-shaped stain on my T-shirt that pointed toward my groin. I could also feel sweat rolling down my back and soaking the waistband of my jeans. If there were eyes following me, I didn't care. All I wanted was some cool air.

One good thing about living on the Gulf coast is that the beach is never far away. Only two miles from downtown the cool, white sand awaited me, and I knew the beach would not be crowded. Unlike the other side of the peninsula, there are no condos marching down the west coast. At least not yet.

The best stretches of sand are on the barrier islands across the bay, and the causeway leading to them crosses several smaller islands and has one drawbridge. As I drove away from the center of town, I glanced in my rearview mirror and observed how the high-rises made the city look more important than it is. Finally, from the last island, the city took on the look of a shimmering crown floating on the blackness of the intervening bay.

In the public parking lot, only three other cars shimmered in the yellow glare of the sodium street lights. But I wasn't the least bit put off by the slim cruising odds. I just needed to cool off. The ocean has always had a revitalizing effect on me—a few hours at the shore can get me through a lot of shit at work



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and in my personal life—but this was the first time I had been to the beach at night.

A gazer, not a swimmer, I sat on the hood of my car and took in the softly glowing moonscape. There is never much surf on the Gulf, but that night a stiff off-shore breeze was making a noble effort. The breaking of waves was steady and rhythmic, and the sound was soothing. But it did nothing to diminish my horniness.

I could see no one, which was a little disturbing and kind of thrilling. What was out there in the dark waiting for me? Mystery and even a subtle hint of danger add spice to the sex urge. The sand crunched under my feet, and a few yards away, the surf lapped at the edge of my private moonscape. I ambled along the shore, wondering what was going to happen, knowing somehow that something was bound to, eager to be on with it.

And yet I viewed the man coming out of the darkness as an interloper in my communing with sand and sea and moonlight. My eyes had adjusted enough so that I was aware of him before he was aware of me.

"Do you have the time?" he asked when, almost upon me, he finally noticed my presence.

I guessed the time without looking at my watch. I knew the advantage of keeping eye contact with a stranger. "It's 2:30," I said. I sensed that he wanted more than the time, but I've never been good at small talk, so there was a moment of silence

"Thanks. You aren't looking for a brown-haired guy, are you? I met this brown-haired guy just down the beach who's looking for somebody. He seemed a little drunk."

"No, I came out here alone just to be with the water. It's a lot cooler than in town."

When he continued on his way, I fell into step with him. In the moonlight I could just make out his features. He was dark blond, clean-shaven, and very good-looking, mid-twenties, I guessed. His shirt was open to the waist, and I could see that his well-defined chest was covered with fine light-brown hair. His ass looked firm and round in his tight jeans. I decided he was one of those men who are even better-looking undressed than dressed.

"Do you come out to the beach often?" he asked after we had gone a hundred feet or so.

"Not really," I replied. "And I've never come at night before. But tonight I just had to get away from all the heat of downtown. There was nothing I wanted there anyway."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," he said, staring straight ahead. "I get tired of being jerked around by all the women in town."

This last comment, which I suspected was diversionary, did not discourage me. I was beginning to feel I could get a lot farther with this man than conversation. We walked farther down the beach, and the light of the parking lot faded.

"I like to come out here at night," he said after a while. "It's so nice and cool. And I like to go skinny dipping if no one is around."

The prospect of seeing my companion naked was very appealing. The thought of the dark, shark-infested water was not. "Don't the sharks bother you?" I asked, trying to get my aversion across without scaring him off the subject of getting naked.

"No," he replied. "As long as you don't go in very far and just splash around, there's no danger. I do it all the time, usually at the other end of the beach."

I knew what he was trying to say now. The other end of the beach was well known as a gay hangout.

"Why don't we just sit down here a while?" I said, indicating a wooden platform that was part of a hotel cabana.

Following me to the platform, he said, "You know, I see a lot when I go swimming at the other end. People don't see you in the dunes up there. Last week I got out of the water and lay down on my clothes. It was late and no one was around except these two guys."

I had moved my hand down to my crotch and had begun to massage myself. He went on without really looking at me.

"They were fooling around in the water, and when they came out they just kept on. I couldn't believe one of them. He must have had a ten-inch cock. His buddy gave him a blow-job right there on the beach."

"Some people have all the luck," I stated flatly. "I wish I could get a blow-job tonight."

After a brief silence, he went on. "That wasn't all he did. He stuck that big thing of his up his friend's ass. I just don't believe he could do something like that."

"From your description of his equipment, it must have hurt the other guy like hell," I replied.

"He moaned a lot when it first went in. Then it seemed like he was enjoying it. I almost went over and helped out."

"Why didn't you?" I asked. "I mean there's nothing wrong with getting your rocks off."

"I don't really know. I sure could have used the blow-job."

I waited a couple of beats. "Could you use one now?" I asked softly.

He looked at me hard before

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"Fuck me hard!" he rasped. "That guy with the ten-inch dick fucked me real hard. It hurt like hell, but I loved it. You feel great inside me. Fuck me hard, man. Fuck me hard."

replying, "Yes."

I moved my hand from my crotch to his thigh and quickly massaged my way up to the tight bulge between his legs. He leaned back on the platform, his hands behind his head. I undid the last button on his shirt and separated the two pieces of fabric. He drew in his taut stomach muscles as I opened the top of his jeans and slid the zipper down as far as it would go. He was not wearing underwear, so it was easy to get his dick out. It was a beautiful dick, circumcised, the dark-pink head full and sharply defined. The shaft was smooth and seemed to glow in the moonlight. Slowly I lowered my head, took him into my mouth, and started sucking him off. The rhythm of my blow-job was a counterpoint to the waves meeting the shore. His excitement grew as I moved my lips down to his large balls, my hands caressing his slim hips.

"Take my pants off," he said in a whisper.

I could only comply, removing them and placing them beside the cabana platform. I ran my tongue up and down the inside of each thigh, from knee to crotch. His flesh was firm, the muscles well defined.

I pulled off my shirt and slipped out of my pants, exposing my hard dick. He looked up and down my naked body, and his hands caressed his own hard, fully-extended dick. Gradually he began to pump it, his body stretching and writhing as the speed of his pumping increased.

Gently I moved his hand away and again placed his dick in my mouth. As I sucked, I circled his nipples with my hands and slid them over his silky chest hair. His heart pounded as I pinched his nipples between my thumbs and forefingers. His entire body tensed and then relaxed under me.

"Those two guys I told you about," he gasped. "I didn't just watch. One of them fucked my mouth while the other one fucked my ass."

I knew that already. I raised my head and looked directly into his luminous blue eyes.

"How did it feel?" I asked, his dick now in my hand. "And more important, did you like it?"

"I liked it a lot. I liked it so much I want *you* to fuck me."

He pulled my face down to his and gently kissed my slightly parted lips. The longer we held the kiss the more passionate it became. Our tongues were intertwined, and I could feel the slight stubble of his beard on my chin. I sat up, moved back, and lifted his legs above my shoulders, then spread his firm pucker with my fingers.

"Please," he said, lifting his head, "fuck me now."

Slowly at first and then more rapidly, I crammed my throbbing manhood into his hole. He groaned and pawed my chest. His ass muscles tightened and released in tempo with my gentle fucking. Gradually I increased the pace.

He pulled me down against his chest and thrust his legs higher in the air. His mouth was level with my ear, and the excitement in his voice drove me wild. "Fuck me hard!" he rasped. "That guy with the ten-inch dick fucked me real hard. It hurt like hell, but I loved it. You feel great inside me. Fuck me hard, man. Fuck me hard!"

As I penetrated deeper into his hot manhole, our breathing came in sharp gasps. Sweat poured from my head and body, rolled down my neck, dripped onto his chest. As I got ready to come inside my partner, my entire body tightened. He was panting now, and his balls had drawn up tight in his groin. He locked his legs behind my back and caressed my ass with his palms.

"Come in my ass. Come in my ass, and I'll come all over your chest."

I arched my back and forced his butt higher. Then, plunging my dick as deep into his ass as I could, I started shooting inside him.

"I feel it," he moaned. "I feel you coming inside me."

His right hand left my ass and began rapidly stroking his enraged tool. Just as the last of my cum was pumped into his ass, the first white spurts of his jizm struck my chest.

It was some time before the sea breeze began to cool our fever. Slowly our breathing returned to normal and our bodies relaxed. I gently removed my dick from his hole and lowered his legs to my sides. He looked like he was asleep, but when I lay on top of him and lowered my face to his, he returned the kiss lovingly.

"We should leave," he said finally. "It's not really that safe here."

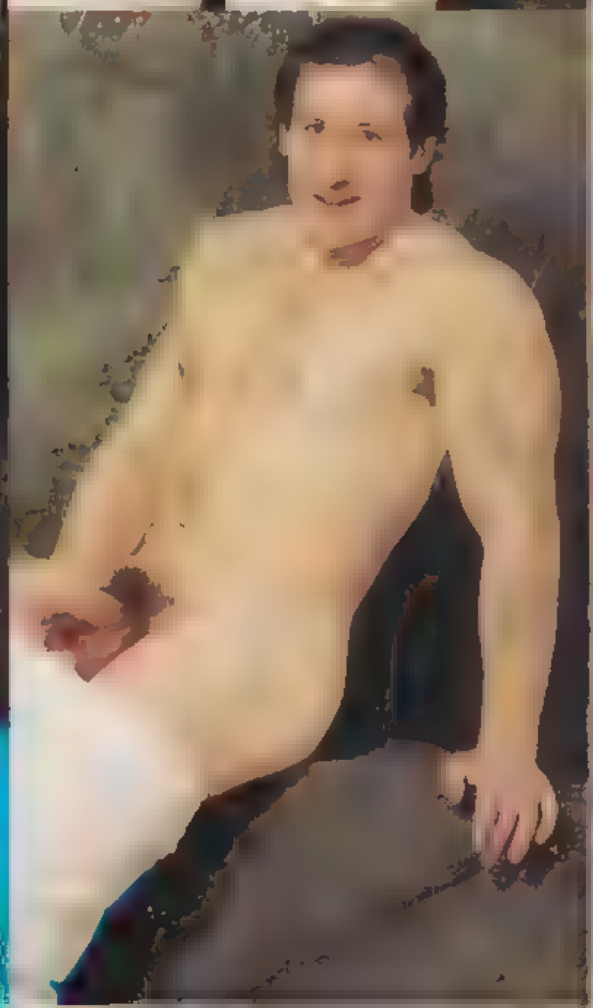
We got up and found our clothes, then sat on the pallet next to each other, not speaking, not touching.

"I really do have to go," he said flatly. "Not that I don't want to be with you now, but I want it to be better. I want it to be a different time and in the light. It's a small town, so I know I'll meet you again."

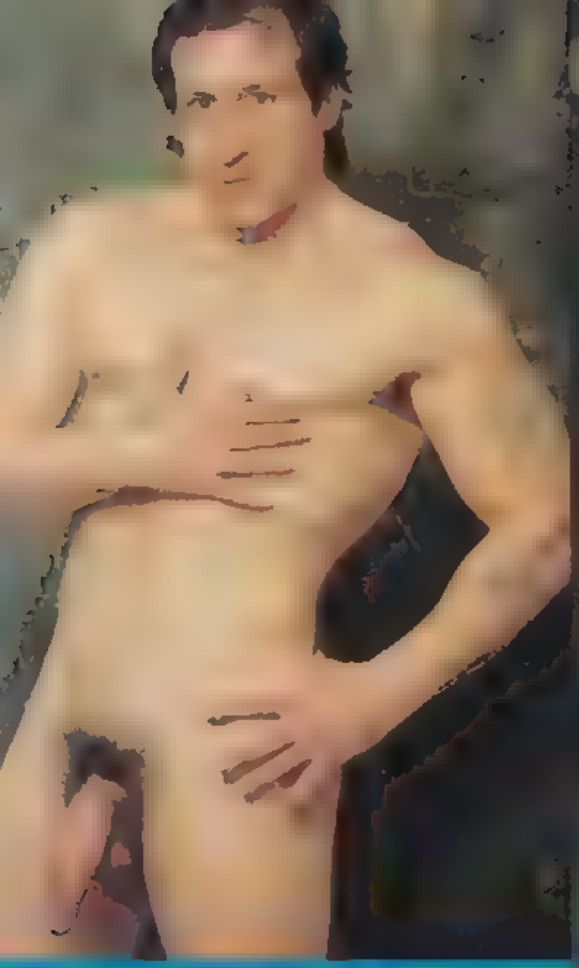
I watched him go up the beach. I made no attempt to follow him. When he was out of sight, I stood up and walked to the shore. The day had shed all its heat by now. The wind blew in my face and refreshed my spirit. Yes, I would see him again. The sea, the shore, and the wind told me that. ■

Turn It Loose

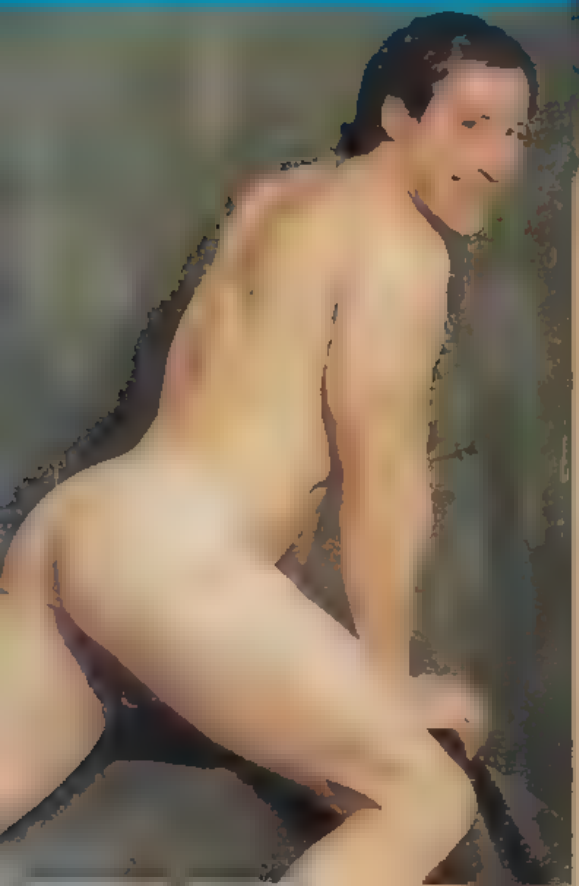
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT LALIBERTE



This guy can't hold it back.

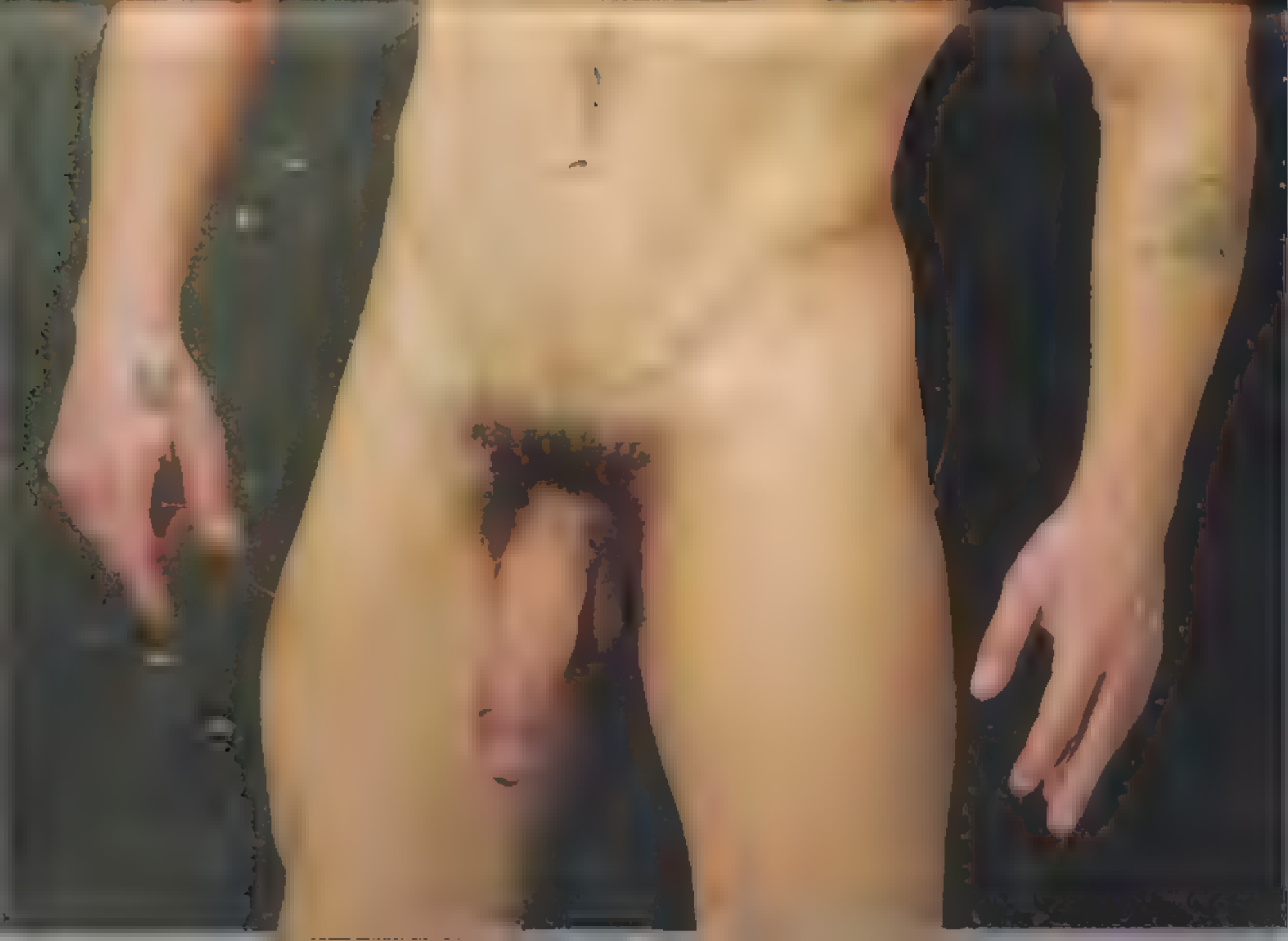


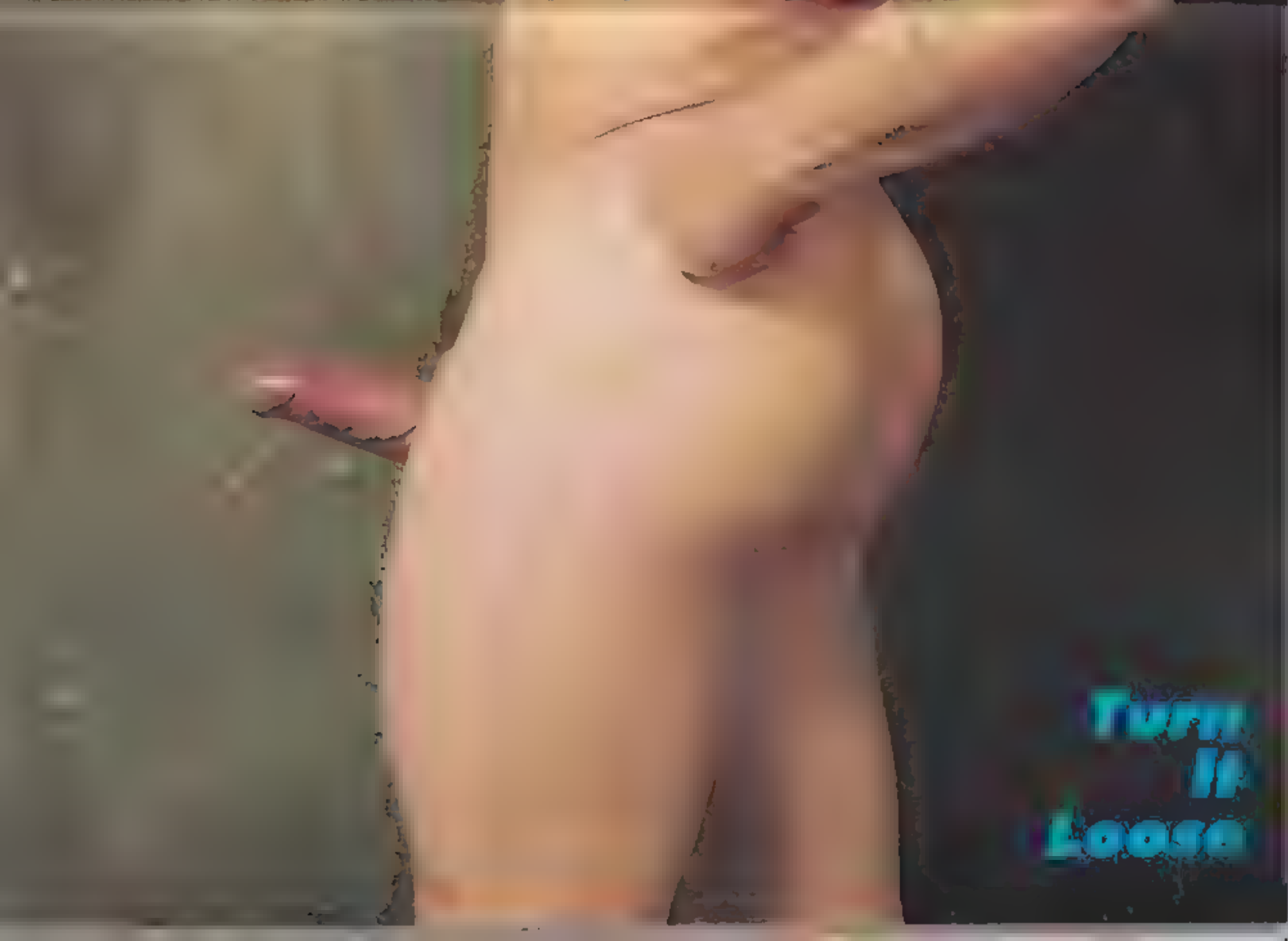
He's a hard one to tame.



Turn It Loose
We can't control it.

HUNKS




Turn It Loose

TOUGHSTUFF

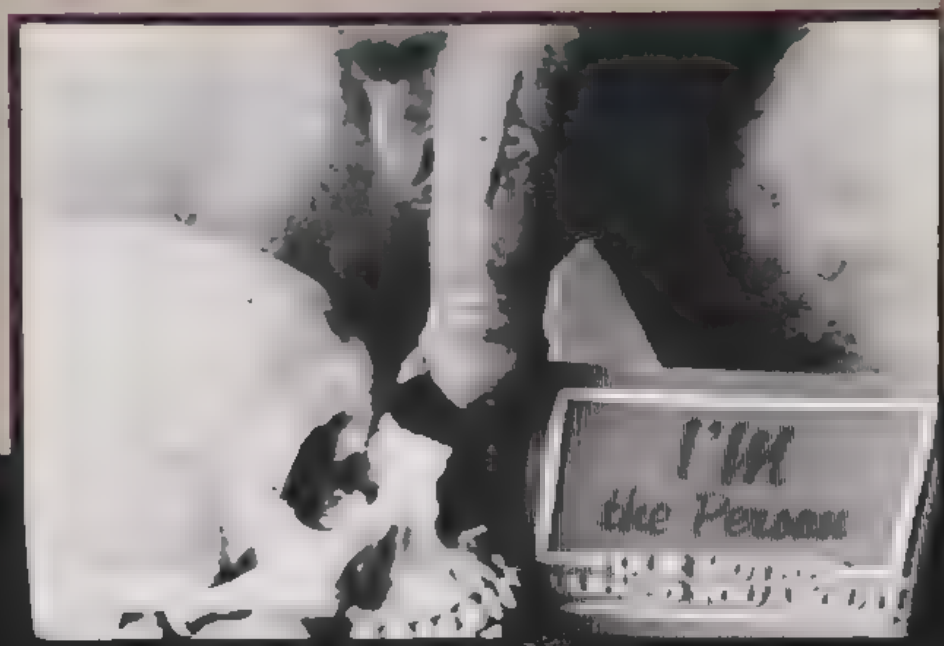
MAKE YOUR MARK

One of the reasons Gary, Indiana, is considered the Badlands is tattoo artist, biker, daredevil, thrill seeker, and artist Roy Boy. World renowned for his artwork on skin, for buzzing the Sears Tower, and for wrestling jungle animals, Roy Boy is now also into the making of videos of his one-of-a-kind work and that of other top tattoo artists such as New York's Spider Webb and California's Kari Barba.

In *No Boundaries 2*, Roy shoots straight from the hip. "There's a world of color," he says sitting in his shop, Roy Boy's Place, tattoo needle whirring in his hand, referring to the beauty of a well-executed tattoo. To prove his point, Roy Boy illustrates several tattoo corrections, changing bland to bold, mealy to mean, all to the pace of his own rock tunes. Then it's around the country and back to look not only at art on flesh but at flesh as art – piercings, tattoos inside split cock shafts, vaginas, and enough cock-and-ball jewelry to set off any metal detector. Obviously, the man is serious—serious and well-known enough, in fact, to be chosen by Harley-Davidson to tattoo a willing biker with their logo for the latest Harley print ad, which reads, "When was the last time you felt this strongly about anything?" If you're Roy Boy, the answer is always.

It's only fair to tell you that, in addition to the men, who range from beer-bellied to muscle-bound, this video includes quite a number of women. But then again, the point is the art, not the sex. To get a copy of *No Boundaries*, *No Boundaries 2*, or *Return to Badlands*, send check or money order for $49 for one, $80 for two, or $120 for all three videos to Roy Boy's Place, 3849 Broadway, Gary, IN 46409. State VHS or Beta, and get ready for a world of color.

STEVE DAMBACH

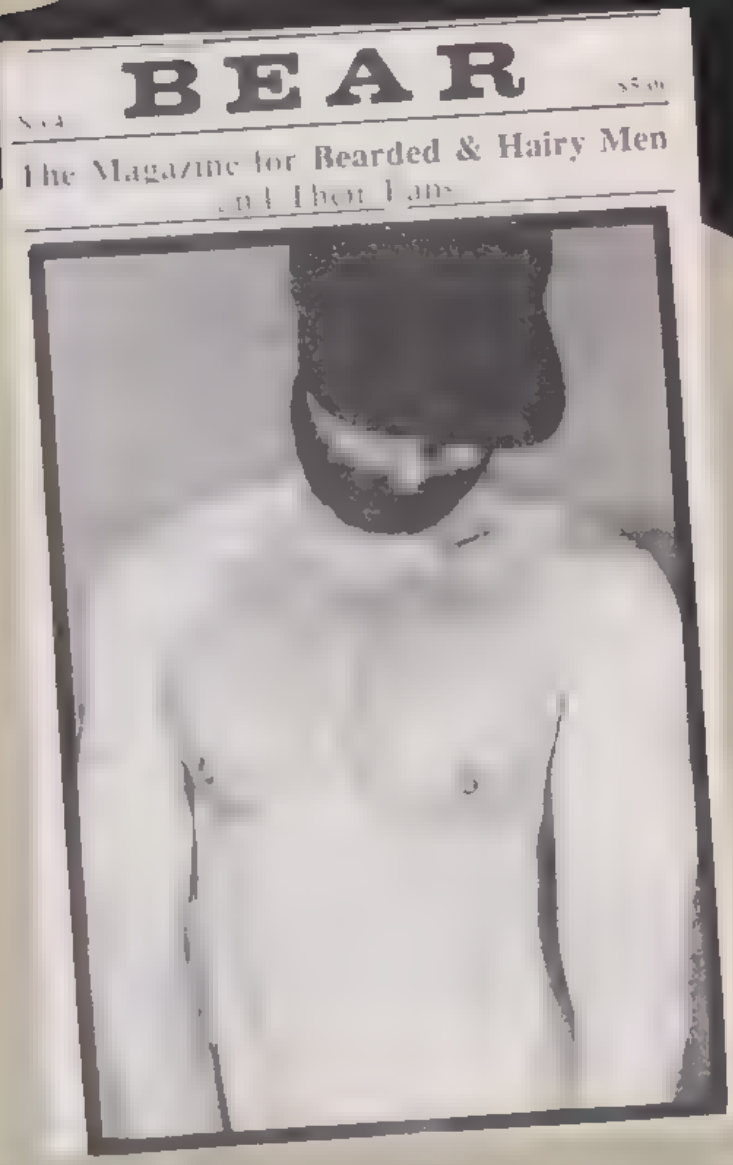


BEAR MEAT

The feel of a beard against your nipples, the coarse, scratchy sensation as you grind your ass into his face, the body burn the morning after you've jumped all over his hairy bones—if this is what gets you hot, then it's time you read *BEAR, The Magazine for Bearded & Hairy Men and Their Fans*. Started modestly in San Francisco last year, *BEAR* is fast becoming the hottest ticket in the new market of gay sex fetish fanzines. While you may ask, as the opening editorial in issue four asks, "Does BEAR have to equal BEARD?" the men of *BEAR* are everything that word connotes: hairy, big, sexy lugs with just enough kink to make you want to get on all four and lap at their fur. And if you're a good trapper, the personals could lead you to a bear who'll show you where he's been hibernating.

In any case, fiction by writers like Furr and photos by *HONCHO* contributors Brahma Studio and Kristen Bjorn will get you through those cold nights in your cave. If that's not enough, *BEAR* parties have been sighted and even a *LIVE BEAR* video is available if you'd rather see the fur flying. *BEAR* also advertises specialty videos and reviews hot beard and hair scenes in mainstream products. So if all this talk has you pulling at your five o'clock shadow and you want to see the mailman bringing a *BEAR* just for you, send $17 in U.S. funds for a one-year, four-issue subscription, $34 for a two-year, eight-issue subscription, and place a free man-to-man personal ad (otherwise, ads cost twenty-five cents per word, and any ad photos must be signed and include the statement "Photo released to COA" on the reverse side); or send $50 plus $3 handling for the *LIVE BEAR* (assume VHS) video to: COA, 2215R Market Street, 148, San Francisco, CA 94114. Make checks payable to COA.

STEVE DAMBACH



something akin to love

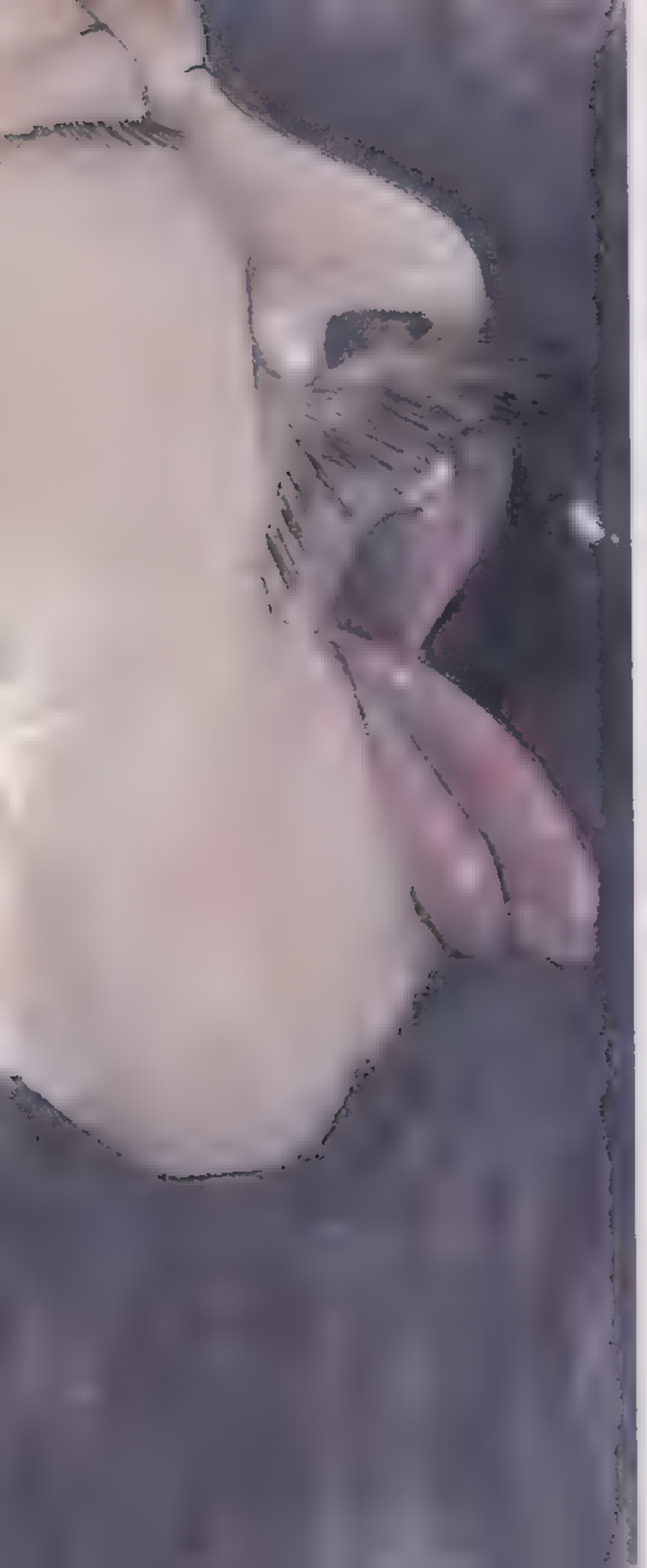
BY DAVID MAY
ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE

This is about Will. His father had called him Bill, his mother said William, and his brothers and sisters insisted on Billy. He called himself Will, and Jay called him Willy-boy.

Will hated being called Willy-boy.

He lived in the Duboce Triangle with Jay, his lover. Jay was much older than Will—somewhere in his forties, though Jay's exact age kept shifting. Will was in his early twenties. Jay owned the house they lived in and was quick to remind Will who the homeowner was whenever they got into a fight, and they fought often. They fought with insinuations, barbed retorts, and calculated cruelty. Then they'd fuck their brains out.

They had no friends, only tricks. At first they had kept up the pretense of fidelity, though Will knew from the beginning that Jay was fucking around. So Will fucked around too, stayed out as late as he wanted, and grew back his moustache, which he'd shaved off when they first got together because Jay hated facial hair. Jay fought the arrangement at first, but finally accepted it when Will caught him in one too many lies and said he'd leave Jay then and there.



Not quite sure what he was doing, Will reached out and touched Pete's hairy chest, damp with sweat in the afternoon heat. Will brought his fingers to his mouth to taste the sweat. "Want something?" asked Pete.

It hadn't even been a particularly important lie. Jay lied all the time—about his work, about the price he paid for the house, his age, his ex-lovers and tricks, his family. He lied so often that he seldom knew the truth himself. But this time he had. Claiming to have been with his sister Janet all afternoon was a *stupid* lie.

"Janet?" queried Will.

"Yeah, Janet. I told you this morning I was going to Marin to see her."

Wrong, thought Will. Jay had been asleep (or pretending to be) when Will had gotten out of bed and gone to the gym. Later, Will had run into Janet at Macy's and had had lunch with her. Will passed this information on to Jay, who angrily declared that he was being spied on. Will called Jay a sick queen. Jay said Will could move out of Jay's house. Will, without a moment's hesitation, said he would be glad to.

Immediately Jay changed his tune. They were arguing over nothing, he said. In truth, he had been shopping for Will's birthday present ("at Gump's"). *In truth—hah!* thought Will, who knew that the only birthday Jay ever

remembered was his own. Will told Jay he could go fuck himself, then walked out and spent the night at the baths.

That was when their relationship became officially "open."

After years of Jay's lying and one-sided infidelities, they settled into a routine of retaliatory whoring, bitter fighting, ultimatums and threats of violence from Jay, and constant reconciliations followed by furious fucking. Jay was content with their life, but Will's eye was always wandering. He saw lovers eating quietly together in restaurants and wondered why he wasn't one of them. He met handsome men who appreciated him and asked why he stayed with Jay. Will couldn't say why; he knew he ought to leave. But he didn't.

Later on, he would come to understand that he stayed with Jay because he was afraid of the world. He had nowhere to go, no friends. The only life he knew was the guilty insanity of life with Jay, and he had no sense of who he was outside of that insanity.

But then things changed. Will met Aaron and discovered who he was. Considering the latent sado-masochism of his relationship with Jay, who he was shouldn't have surprised Will at all. But it did.

Being a Macy's queen, the first thing Will noticed about Aaron was Aaron's suit. It was a fine charcoal gray, cut full—nothing fanciful or Italian about it. *A man's suit*, Will thought, as he stood on the corner of Post and Kearny waiting for the light to change. *The sort of suit Jay is too silly to wear.*

Then he noticed Aaron, the man *inside* the suit. He had the build and handsome, square-jawed, bearded face to do the suit justice. Aaron, who had already noticed Will, nodded, and Will nodded back.

"How are you today?"

"Okay," said Will.

Then the light changed. Aaron said, "See you," and disappeared into the crowded street.

Will was disappointed. He'd been certain they'd sit, or at least stand, together on the streetcar and talk; that Aaron would pursue him and that Will would be coy, giving Aaron his phone number only when pressed for it. He had expected to tell Aaron what he always told the men he met—"I have a lover"—before agreeing to get together the following evening. Will was a little hurt by Aaron's uncooperativeness.

That had been in the fall, and Will didn't see Aaron again for months, though he thought about him now and then between tricks and fights with Jay, or when he was jerking-off.

The second time he saw Aaron it was early spring. He was standing on Market Street waiting for a light to change when Aaron came walking along with another man. Will was watching the two men and wondering if they were lovers when Aaron saw him and nodded again, this time raising his hand in a wave as well. Will returned the greeting, flattered to be remembered.

Will didn't notice Aaron's friend look back and ask who Will was. Nor did he hear Aaron's reply: "Some kid who needs his ass whipped."

Will saw Aaron a few more times downtown after that, and they always greeted each other, smiled, said hello. But Will never got to tell Aaron his name, let alone his phone number.

In June came the parade. Will went with Jay, who made disparaging remarks about each group in the procession—"dykes," "queens," "niggers," "gooks," "spics," "religious weirdos," "commies," and "perverts" were among his favorite labels. "It's these queers that give gay a bad name," he summed up toward the end.

Will didn't want to spend the entire day with Jay, so he managed to get separated from his bigoted lover in the crowd. He cruised the men he wanted, snubbed the ones he didn't. Then he turned around and, as if in a dream, saw Aaron's friend Pete, the one from downtown, looking straight at him.

Will wasn't prepared for the hard edge that the leather gear—cap, chaps, boots—gave to Pete's persona. Looking for something familiar, Will admired the firm, bare chest, the pecs outlined with thick brown hair that came to a fine point at the navel. Then he noticed the two golden rings, one in each nipple, and the gold chain suspended between them.

Not quite sure what he was doing, Will reached out and touched Pete's hairy chest, damp with sweat in the afternoon heat. Will brought his fingers to his tongue to taste the sweat.

"Want something, kid?" asked Pete.

Will swallowed hard and, not knowing what to say, walked away. He heard Pete laugh behind him as he folded into the crowd.

"What did you want with him?" asked Jay, suddenly appearing in the thicket of men. "He's weird."

Again unable to answer that simple question, Will decided to seek the answer from the first person who had asked him.

Will wasn't naive. He'd learned a few things about what he really liked, things Jay would never go along with—like getting his ass slapped when he got fucked, like being Daddy's boy. He knew, in fact, that he liked sex to be, at the very least, rough and tumble. And being ordered about in public—and it would be hard to find a place more public than United Nations Plaza on Parade Day—after being ordered about by Jay all these years, seemed, if not the next logical step, not so far removed either.

He approached Pete.

"Sir?"

"Yeah, kid?"

"May I?" And he got down on his knees and licked Pete's boots as he'd seen another guy do in a bar once.

Pete raised Will up, took the young man's face in his hands, and kissed him, tenderly, deeply. Will's cock got hard and inched its way down his skimpy gym shorts.

Pete unlocked the dog collar fastened around his left boot and secured it around Will's neck.

Will kissed Pete's gloved hand and offered to lick the sweat off his chest and armpits.

"Not yet, boy," said Pete. "First, finish licking my boots. Then we'll see about you earning my sweat."

Will obeyed at once.

They rode to Rausch Street on Pete's bike. Still eager to lick the sweat off Pete's body, Will was told that he might yet earn that honor, but first Pete had to piss.

Will stood where he was, waiting

Will dropped his pants and let Jay see the elaborate leather harness that girdled his waist, the locked pouch that sealed off his cock and balls, the leather band that protected his ass from invasion by anyone except Pete, who had the only key.

for Pete to go to the toilet and come back. But Pete simply stood right where he was, undid his pants, and looked expectantly at Will.

"Boy, I said I have to pee."

Then Will understood. He swallowed hard.

Pete held him close, kissed him, then forced him to his knees. Will sank to the floor. Seeing pee running down Will's bare chest, Pete struck him across the face and sent him reeling to the floor.

"You spilled it, fuck-up! No sweat for you, no dick and no cum."

Will thought he might start crying. He hung his head. "Yes, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir."

Pete was touched by the display of contrition, but in order not to make a liar of himself, he tied Will up and beat him with a heavy belt. It was only afterward that he fucked Will and then, as a reward, let Will lick the sweat off his body.

After that, Will saw Pete once or twice a week. When he wasn't with Pete, he explored Folsom Street, discovering in it things he'd only heard about before: the men, the bars, the sex clubs, the Power. The men South of Market were so different from Jay. He'd stumbled on another world and had fallen instantly in love with it. He saw men coupled in cars, on their bikes, through windows, on rooftops.

One night he said out loud: "This is where I belong."

The sound of his own voice startled him. He looked around to see if anyone had heard him. The street was deserted, but he felt he'd been heard and accepted, as if the street had a soul of its own.

On another night, he saw Pete leaning against the bar of the Ramrod talking with a friend. Will found a shadowed corner to sit in and stayed there to watch. And as he watched the men in the bar, he thought to himself, *I've found my home.*

As if in answer, Pete came over and stood in front of him, collar in hand. Will knelt on the floor, head bent. Pete secured the collar around his neck and led him out of the bar and down Folsom on a leash.

"I never see you anymore," said Jay the next afternoon. Will had been out all night and most of that day. There was a bounce to his walk, the sort that can be extremely irritating when you know you're not responsible. "Where do you go at night? Huh? And what's his name?"

"Whose name?"

"The guy who's getting your ass when I'm not."

It was true: Will hadn't let Jay touch him in over a month. But he didn't answer.

"And another thing. You've started dressing weird. You've got that leather vest on all the time, and you've got those boots now too. What's next, *chaps*?"

The last word was thrown at him as if it were an insult. Will turned to face Jay.

"I got measured for my chaps this morning. *And* I just decided to get my right tit pierced."

"You *are* getting weird."

There was a pause as each waited for the other to back down. Will took off his vest.

"That's more like it," said Jay, thinking he'd won.

Then Will took off his shirt and undid his pants.

"Baby..." said Jay, thinking they were about to fuck.

Then Will dropped his pants and let Jay see the elaborate leather harness that girdled his waist, the locked pouch that sealed off his cock and balls. He turned around and showed off the leather band that protected his ass from invasion by anyone except Pete, who had the only key.

"Omigod!" croaked Jay.

Will put his clothes back on and faced Jay defiantly.

"Maybe you better find another place to live," said Jay, flashing his trump card. "I'm not gonna live with a pervert."

"I already did," said Will. "I'm moving South of Market and getting away from you for good."

And at the end of the week Will made good on his declaration and moved out, with the help of his new friends, submissives like himself that he'd met at the bars or through Pete. One of them, Alan, borrowed his master's truck to transport Will's things.

There wasn't much, really, since most everything had belonged to Jay. When they were done, Will took his friends to dinner at Hamburger Mary's. They huddled over the table and talked about their masters. But only Alan, who wore a collar twenty-four hours a day, was owned outright. Will envied him.

After the move, Will spent every evening in full leather walking the dim streets. It occurred to him one night, as he stepped over the slumped figure of a sleeping drunk on the sidewalk near his new apartment, that he felt more at home in his shadowy new neighborhood than he had ever felt anywhere else in his life. It was a world far removed from the cozy middle-class

suburbia in which he had grown up, and just as far removed from the surface normalcy of life with Jay. But Will had found total acceptance in this brave new world, and for the first time in life he had friends he felt close to. He was safe. He was home.

"It's Folsom, you know?" he told his new friends one afternoon as they sat together on the steps of a warehouse. "At night, especially. I can walk around for hours and almost taste it, feel it, in the air."

No one asked him what it was that he tasted and felt in the thick darkness of the streets and alleys. They simply nodded their ascent.

One night Pete invited Will to a party. "A play party," he said. "Wear a pair of jeans you don't care about and your boots. Nothing else."

"It's winter, Sir. May I wear my jacket?"

"I'll think about it."

On the night of the party Will met Pete in front of the Eagle. As ordered, Will was on his knees in front of the entrance, his head bowed, his hands behind his back as if bound. He had waited from the time assigned until Pete actually showed up, an hour later. A collar and leash were secured about Will's neck and without a word he was led into a waiting cab.

The Cell was in the bowels of the warehouse district, surrounded by a neighborhood that even Will, with his passion for unlit alleyways, wouldn't have walked through alone.

"So, here he is, after all," he heard a familiar voice say.

"I told you so. You want him?" said Pete.

"Yeah. For a while anyway."

"Happy birthday," said Pete.

Will's leash was handed to the other man.

"You're his until I come for you," said Pete.

Forbidden to look up at the man, Will obediently kept his eyes fixed on the floor.

Will was ordered to dress, then led outside on his leash. It never occurred to him to ask who his new master was, or where they were going.

Will followed the man down the alley, across a main street, and into another alley. Then they turned down a side street and crossed into still another alley. By the time they were climbing the steps of a nondescript house off a dark, narrow alleyway, Will was hopelessly lost. His heart beat faster, and despite his fatigue from being kept awake all night, he was alert and expectant. It was the way he felt about Folsom, only more intense, more intimate.

The door closed behind them, and he was ordered to look up. In the shadows, he saw the face he'd recognize anywhere.

"My name is Aaron. Your name is unimportant. You will not call me by name, of course. You will only call me Sir. Do you understand?"

Will nodded. Leather was peeled aside and a cock was shoved into his mouth and down his throat. Aaron grabbed Will's ears and rode his face, fucking it with sharp jabs. He almost drowned Will with cum, then again with piss. When he was

done, Aaron announced that they were going to bed and ordered Will follow him up the stairs on all fours.

The bed was huge and very old, with tall, elaborately carved posts. Will helped Aaron out of his leather and folded it neatly on a chair. Then Will stripped himself, and Aaron secured him in the shackles attached to one of the posts.

Aaron fell asleep at once, holding Will tightly in his arms, his semi-hard cock rubbing against Will's thigh. Will wondered how long it would be before he'd be fucked by that cock. Then for some reason, he thought of Jay. He laughed softly and fell asleep.

Will imagined that he was being formed by Aaron's hands. He was being remade. He was becoming something perfect.

He had awoken the next morning to the sharp but agreeable discomfort of Aaron's dick pushing into his hole. Prior to his initiation, being fucked without preparation or lubricant would have been unbearable. Now he lived for it. He had become adept at controlling his sphincter muscle, opening for Aaron's entrance, tightening to give Aaron the pleasure of resistance. There was pain, but the pain made Will's dick hard.

Half asleep and half awake, he felt for those first few moments that he was servitude's perfect vessel, created to accept pain as pleasure, the depository for other men's cum. Aaron was all Sirs, all cocks, coming inside him. He remembered something he'd heard once, how Eskimo artists believe that the walrus tusk that is their medium encloses the figure they seek to carve, so that the artist's task is simply to listen as the tusk whispers its contents and guides the knife through the removal of the extraneous material that hides the work of art waiting within.

Aaron was the artist in this case, and Will the figure being carved. Aaron stripped Will to an essential self by removing the trappings of an extraneous persona imposed by "civilization." And yet Aaron hardly ever laid a hand on him, except to fuck one hole or the other. It was Aaron's attitude that captured and formed Will, made Will his man.

When Pete arrived to retrieve Will, he lay naked on his stomach on the floor kissing Aaron's boot, weeping silently because he didn't want to leave.

Pete looked at Will and took pity on him. "You don't want to keep him? Permanently, I mean?" he asked Aaron.

"I can't. You know that, Pete."

"For a while, then. Until—"

"No, it wouldn't be fair. He is beautiful, though. You horny, Pete?"

"Sure."

Pete dropped his pants, lay down on top of Will, and fucked him with powerful, piston-like motions. He came with a loud, extended groan.

"There," said Aaron. "That ought to make him feel better."

Aaron helped Will up while Pete buttoned his pants. Aaron was moved by the tears in Will's eyes and kissed them away. He kissed Will deeply, held him close. Then he removed the collar and returned Will's clothes to him.

"Thanks, again, Pete," said Aaron.

Pete took Will back to his place on Rausch Street to spend the night.

Will was in love with Aaron. And at the same time he sensed the utter hopelessness of his love.

Early the next morning, before Pete awoke, Will stole out of bed and wrote a note thanking Pete for giving him what he had needed so badly. Then he walked home and showered and shaved for work.

Will felt that he had accomplished something of major importance in his life. He had served the man who had first sparked in him the need to submit his will that of another man, the man who had instilled in him a sense of his true self. A circle had closed; he felt complete, whole. His friends listened enviously when he told them about Aaron and Pete. They begged him for details and hung on his every word.

"Nice," said one.

"The real thing," said another.

"I'd be so afraid," said a third.

"And so happy," said the first.

Will was satisfied for the moment, but he knew that his journey had only begun. His most cherished vision of the archetypal topman beckoned him forward into the future, not backward into reminiscence. Will was certain this man would find him, and his absolute certainty gave him peace during the wait.

Years later he ran into Jay along Church Street. Jay was wearing ill-fitting designer jeans and a printed shirt. Will wore only worn blue jeans, tennis shoes, and a collar that warm September afternoon.

They sat down to coffee. Having discovered long before that no one else would have him, Jay was desperate to get Will back. Will needed only to look into the unhappy man's face to measure how happy his own life had become.

"It's sick," said Jay, pointing at the ring in Will's right nipple. "You can't be happy."

Will laughed in honest amusement. "Why not?" he asked.

"Because it's not love to live that way."

"What way, Jay?"

"*That* way. It's weird."

Will laughed again.

"You can't feel about him the way you felt about me."

"You're right, I don't. For one thing, I trust him. I never trusted you."

"Yeah," said Jay without arguing Will's last statement. "You may trust him, but do you *love* him?"

Will thought for a moment. And Jay, thinking perhaps he had won Will over, began planning his future infidelities.

Will was trying to decide if love and trust were the same thing. While he had probably loved Jay more (with the passion of a first crush) than he loved his master, he trusted his master where he could never trust Jay. The thought of returning to Jay was ludicrous. But it was interesting to make the comparison after all this time.

"See, you can't say you love him like you loved me," insisted Jay.

"If trust isn't the same thing as love, Jay, it's something akin to love. And I'll take it any day over spending my life with a fifties queen like you." Will stood up to go. "Thanks for the coffee. You'll have to pay since I'm not allowed to carry money without permission."

Jay was left alone again. ■

Made In
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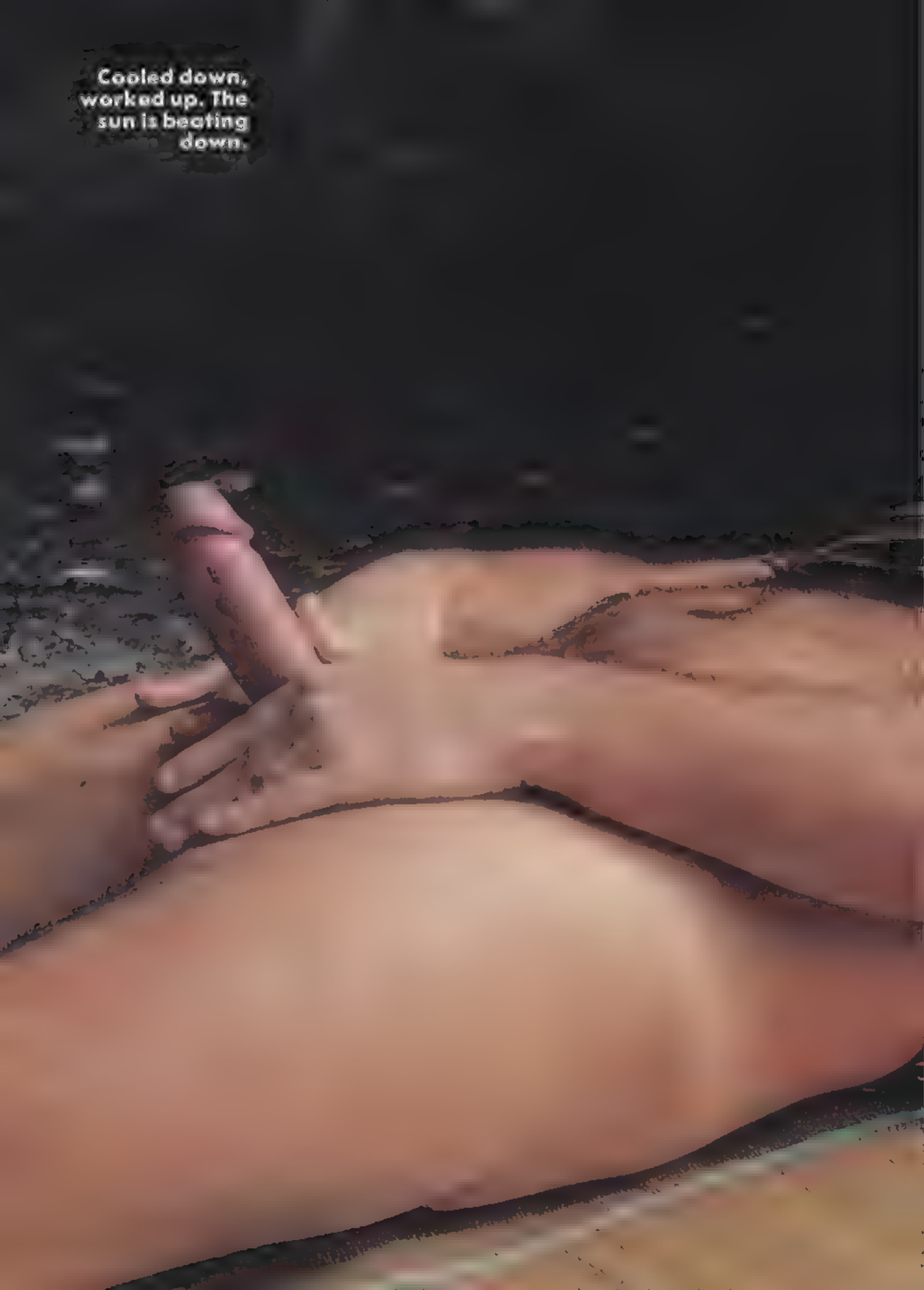
Nude In The Shade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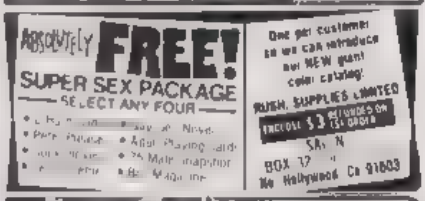
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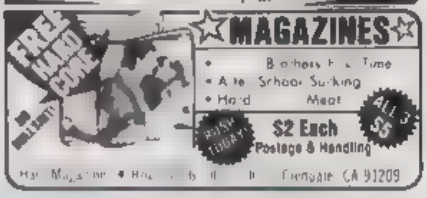
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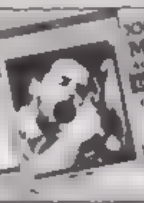

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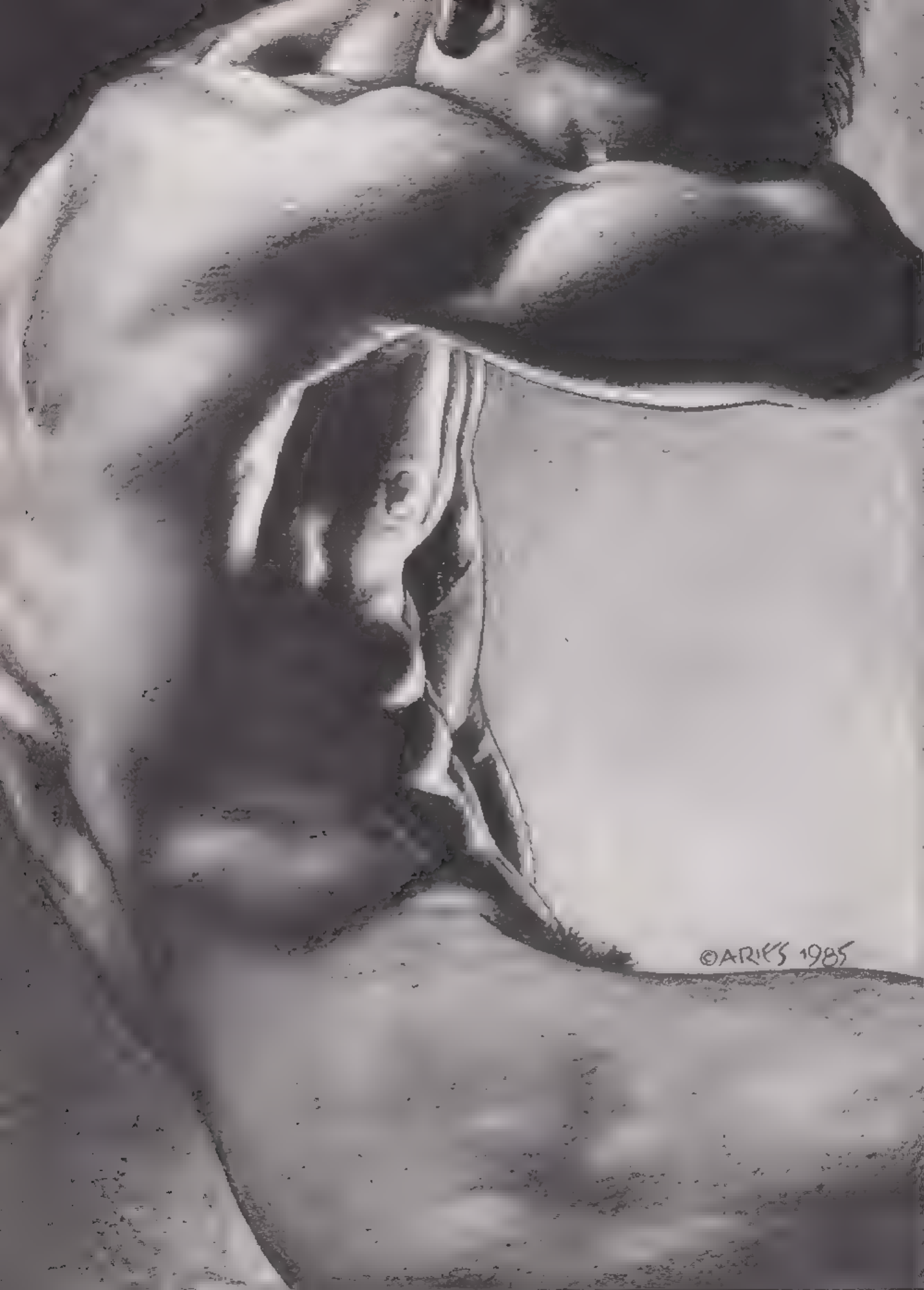
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NEW HOPE BEACH

BY MICHAEL CHARLES
ILLUSTRATED BY ARIES

That morning on the beach, a lonely man stood, tears welling in his eyes yet unwilling to fall—not for loneliness, not for that damnable dependency on other human beings. He set out eastward, nothing better to do than walk, deep inside himself wishing he could plod on until there was no tomorrow, no heat left in that sinister clown-nose-red sunrise that was supposed to symbolize promise and the beginning of a new day. Through his gloom-darkened eyes, the panorama before him appeared as a child's vision of the world, a finger-paint rendering in which the sky is too blue, the water too green, the sand too white, and that hellacious ball of fire is much, much too red.

That morning on the beach, a man gazed westward, marveling at the perfection of creation. Through the eyes of a child he saw the ruby reflection melting on the gentle swells of emerald green. Heading onward, wishing the pearl sand could warm, then chill, then warm his callused feet forever, he knew the reality of only now, this moment. Tomorrow did not exist. The cherry snow-cone-colored sun warmed his back as the cool breeze fluttered the light patches of blond hair on his shoulders. The gooseflesh covering most of his sinewy frame was inspired as much by the moment as by the salt air.

Far to the east, an animate speck marred the otherwise lifeless, virgin-white beach—lifeless, that is, save for the gulls and their ever-mournful cries. Ryland approached stealthily, his curiosity replacing—at least for the time being—his discontentment and his boredom with a silver-spoon life. He snaked a path, dune to dune, in hope—*Haven't used that term for a while*, he thought—in hope of going unnoticed.

Dane had chosen a secluded spot—at least from his perspective it appeared secluded—a spot in which he could throw his regressive fit. He'd seen no one all morning, and so perhaps didn't need the protection of the dunes. Yet, if he was going to make sand angels he didn't particularly want an audience.

From his dune-top perch, Ryland

blessed the topography as he peered at the blond. From ten feet away, hidden save for his mane of black hair, the lonely man watched as Dane gleefully flapped his arms and legs to create an "angel." Not since childhood in Wisconsin had Dane played with such abandon. Then it had been in snow. Today, for the first time, he had considered that angels could be made in sand.

Three angels later, Dane stood admiring his heavenly handiwork and was so pleased that he laughed aloud. Funny how he didn't recall his childhood snow angels having such pronounced butts—which reminded him to brush the sand off the back of his hot red bikini, which reminded him that the flesh-and-blood angels of his youth had also lacked the benefit of en-pointe-developed ballet butts. He smiled, pleased with himself. What a great idea it had been to escape the troupe for a couple of weeks.

Above, a very wealthy man who hadn't anything or anyone but himself to escape from was forced to smile.

Dane, meanwhile, was drifting into a fantasy vision of himself popping a load into a sand angel. It had been a week since he'd left his career behind in New York, a week since he'd thought to do more with his cock than wash it or piss. He was accustomed to taking very good care of his lust-craven cock, usually at least once a day. Often he couldn't get to sleep without getting it off. Yet this week, how he'd neglected it. But then, if it had been really hungry, it would have let him know.

It was getting hungry now.

"Well," he said aloud, "we're gonna have to take care of you, my friend. And since it's been so long, I'm gonna have to do you up real special. Wish I had my KY." He had left his stash behind a rock a couple of miles down the beach so he could walk unencumbered. He regretted that now.

"I've got some." The words had formed and discharged themselves as Ryland thought through the contents of his billowy beachcomber jacket.

"*What!*" Dane whirled and looked upward. Even with the healthy tan of a week at the beach, the fair-fleshed dancer glowed lobster-red.

"Sorry, couldn't help but spy. You were having such a great time, and I didn't want to spoil it." Ryland's banana grin was, for just a split second, tinged with bemused horror. Then once again he beamed, this time *with* Dane, who by now was smiling sheepishly.

They gauged each other in silence for a few seconds. Dane was the first to speak.

"Wanna make a sand angel?"

"Damn straight. Looks like fun." Ryland tumbled his beach bag down the gentle slope and raised and turned himself so that he was looking down at Dane. "Mind if I drop in?" he blurted, then did a somersault and slid to within inches of Dane. Ass on fire from the slide, he sat at eye-level with a pair of tight, hairy thighs.

Dane looked down with a mischievous glint in his eye, mischief which formed into more specific anticipations as he observed the physical details of the man at his feet. Ryland was proud of the body he had built for himself. Lately, he'd been forced to cut down on his workouts to avoid becoming one of those overdeveloped types who look great in poses but, when they move, expose their bull-moose gracelessness.

He sprawled backwards and began work on what turned out to be the largest, most beautifully executed angel Dane had ever seen. (Of course, apart from the ones he'd

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made himself as a child, he hadn't seen that many.)

Ryland stood and turned to inspect the nutty angel he'd just flapped up, which left Dane in the clear to inspect his new friend's backside. He liked the way the loose shorts—yellow to match the jacket—clumped inside Ryland's well-shaped ass.

Ryland spun to face Dane when he felt the dancer's hand trace his crack. "Want a massage?"

"Love one," Dane said, and dropped himself belly-down onto the sand.

"And since it's been so long . . . I'll see if I can't make this something real special." Ryland laughed at his stolen quote. "Name's Ryland," he said. "What's yours?"

"Dane."

"Ever had a sand massage?"

"Huh?"

"Thought not. Think I invented it," Ryland said, removing his jacket and balling it into a pillow for Dane.

The blond rested comfortably and felt the light fluttering of fingertips on his back, at first shoulder level and then, ever so slowly, gently, moving downward to the thick patch of yellow hair that bushed in the small of his back. The fingers lingered there for a time and then, even more slowly, ascended, until once again at Dane's shoulders they began to knead the tight, sore muscles.

His eyes closed, Dane imagined himself as a thick pat of butter on a slab of hot, crisp toast . . . melting, melting, melting. He wondered if melted butter liked being worked into bread the way Ryland's weight—he had straddled Dane's rump for the massage—was pushing Dane into the sand. He was startled, but only momentarily, when he felt the knife of Ryland's manhood slicing between his mounds.

"Now, my house special: the sand massage," Ryland announced.

He scooped up a handful of the stuff and sprinkled a fine layer on Dane's back. His fingers fluttered and deftly traced the same path they had taken before, but this time with an added roughness. Dane lost himself in the pleasure of it.

As Ryland effortlessly performed his specialty, he studied the sharp, cat-like compactness of the man beneath him, whose contented purring enhanced the feline image. Ryland lay against Dane, blew away the sand, and chewed and licked the nape of Dane's neck.

"Wanna go snorkeling?" Ryland asked.

"With what?"

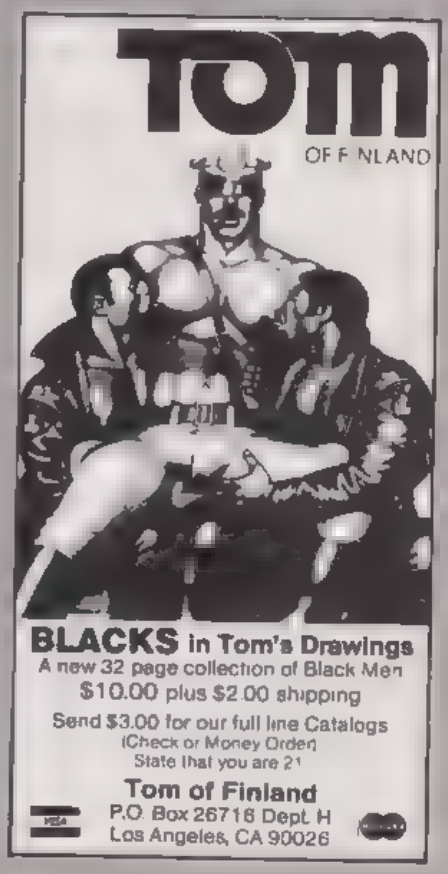
"I've got two sets of gear in my bag." For a guy who disdained any sort of dependency, it was ironic that Ryland carried two of almost everything. Such a boy scout!

And so they snorkeled . . nude. The beach was deserted, so there was no reason not to.

They began by standing in place and kissing. After a while, Ryland knelt and peeled off Dane's pre-cum-soiled bikini, then lingered to kiss and suck the hairy sacs that were dwarfed by the sixteen-ounce-cola-bottle cock. Ryland stood, and Dane was quick to reciprocate. He bent and put his lips around the cockshaft tenting Ryland's boxer trunks. He licked until a huge spit-wetted circle appeared. Then, pulling the trunks down, he exposed the six-inch boner, its head still sheathed in the velvety foreskin. Ryland's balls were enormous, a real turn-on for Dane.

They walked to the water in silence, arm in arm, their dicks co-conductors of an invisible orchestra of sand crabs and surf, until, gradually immersed in the cool, salty sea, their erections faded.

They swam, wrestled, and snorkeled, and soon the sight of each other's nakedness—underwater through snorkel masks—began to renew their passion. They hugged and swirled,



rubbed and ground their bodies together, and then Ryland signaled that they should go up.

"Wait here. Relax a bit. Be back real soon," he said.

"Okay, buddy."

Ryland swam, then waded to shore. There, he collected a few things to take back. He tucked them into a small waterproof pouch, which he tied around his waist, then returned.

"Like your balls worked?" he called, swimming toward Dane.

"Da dog doo stink?" Dane chided.

Dane was floating comfortably on his back when Ryland approached him and "stood," treading water. The older man produced two long leather straps from his pouch, asked Dane to hold one, and proceeded, with one end of the strap in his hand, to tie up Dane's balls. On the other end of the strap he tied a slipknot noose. "Now make one for me," he said as he flipped onto his back and floated.

Dane did as requested.

"Like your tits worked?"

"Only when I'm awake!"

"Great." Ryland produced two sets of tit clamps and handed one to his partner. Clamps in place, he took the last item from his pouch—a large squeeze tube of lube, water-resistant stuff, very similar to Crisco.

"Grease up and let's go under."

Tied, clamped, greased, masks and breathing tubes in place, they submerged. Ryland, having tried this soggy fantasy before—alone—and having needed a second coat of lube, kept the tube out, capped but readily accessible from its carrying place, tucked in the tie string belt of his pouch.

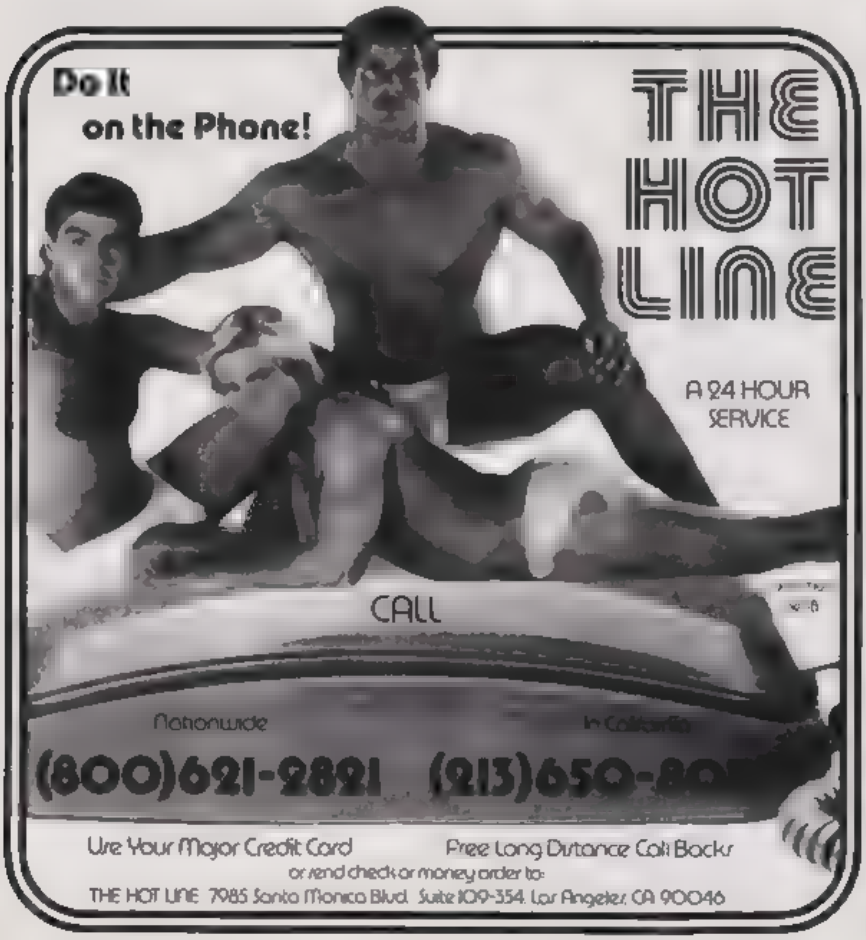
Beneath the crystal-clear water, Dane watched as Ryland brought his leg up and put his foot in the long noose dangling from his own tied and swollen balls. Understanding now, Dane did likewise. The feeling, the tugging caused by treading water to stay in place, was exquisite. More pressure desired? Paddle harder. Too much? Paddle more gently. (Dane wanted to remember this one. It came to him that this little twist would work just as well without the water, in a bed when there was no one else around to tug your balls for you.)

Watching through his mask, as if viewing a sex video, each performed for the other, Ryland swirled his backside toward Dane, bent slightly, and spread his darkly-furred ass cheeks. He tickled his puckered sphincter with a practiced finger, then turned to let Dane admire his swelling post, beating it with measured strokes. Dane took his cue and parted his own hard, smooth ass, inserted his middle finger, curled himself, and executed a series of somersaults. He righted and stilled himself when he noticed that Ryland's strokes had become faster. Dane blew the water from his snorkel and approached his woolly partner.

Behind his mask, Dane's appreciative, lust-filled blue eyes locked with Ryland's emerald-green eyes. Ryland gestured, took the tube from his belt, and re-greased Dane, then himself. He looked at his swollen shaft, then nodded to Dane and began to pull himself off. Dane stroked his own fat rod as Ryland paddled within inches of him and, with his free hand, tugged gently on the chain of the tit clamps. Dane did the same to Ryland, and their strokes came faster and faster.

They were treading water in a frenzy now, beating their meat as the paddling pulled painfully on their abused nutsacs, and their tit-tugging grew more urgent. Bubbles spewed to the surface as they gurgled and labored for breath.

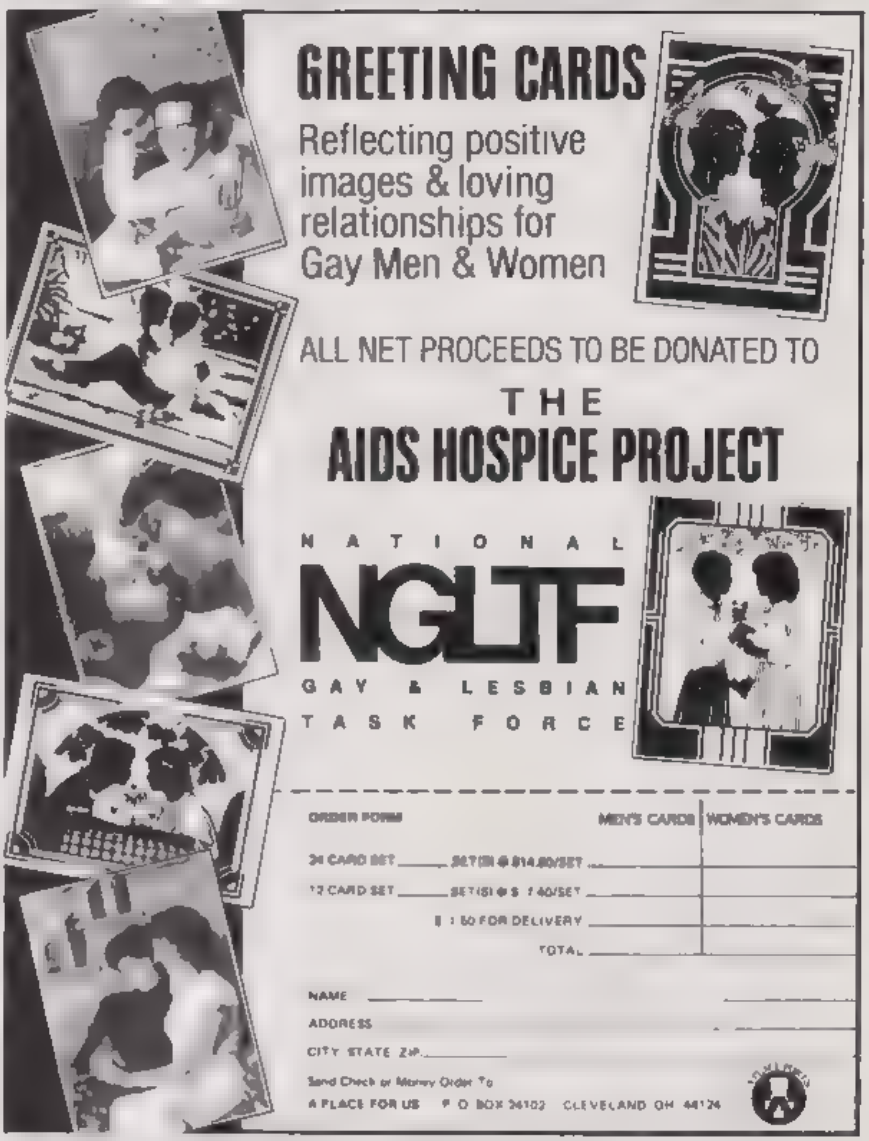
They had watched each other and kept perfect pace, much as dance

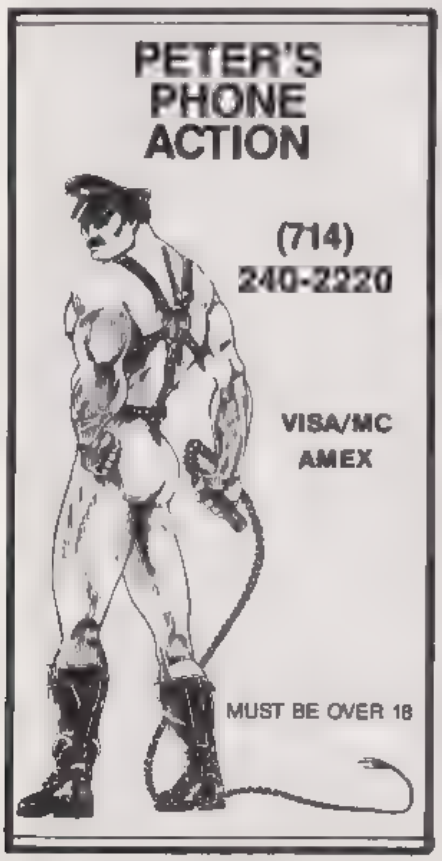


partners do. To the same beat, they jerked, their eyes glazed, bubbles rumbling in their ears—and suddenly as one they blew

Squirt after squirt of thick white muck bolted from their cocks and criss-crossed, as the men ripped at each other's tit clamps and, extending long kicks, pulled their balls to the threshold and beyond. The creamy effulgence spewed forth from both of them into the sea, stroke for stroke, gusher for gusher. When their geyser's slowed and then stopped, they embraced and splashed to the surface

That afternoon on the beach, two men turned eastward, a breathtaking orange sunset warming their backs as they walked arm in arm. One had sought escape, the other renewal. Each had found what he was looking for, for now, in the rhythm of the sea, the brush of sand, the touch of another's flesh. There were questions, but tonight they wouldn't ask them ■





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BREAKING THE BLOCK:

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

do a really nice write-up on you to go along with the pictures."

The idea of a little extra publicity seemed to please Rick. He smiled, sipped his beer, scratched his balls, and purred, "Might fine. Mighty fine. One suggestion, though. What say we get going on the 'art' poses?

Get all that out of the way. Then when your reporter friend shows up, we can do the three required straight poses for the competition and give him all the info for a nice feature story."

I heartily agreed that the "art" poses should taken care of before Ernie's arrival.

I gathered up my camera and equipment, and Rick led the way behind his cabin to a small creek, where he suggested we stop for a few shots. He waded across the deepest part of the stream, immersed himself completely, then emerged on the other side and stretched out on a rocky slab on the opposite bank.

"Get me now, while I'm still wet," he ordered. "But wait just a second." With a hasty hand job, he fluffed up his genitals, which the cold water had shrunk. When his dick was restored to its maximum grandeur, he cocked one leg, let the other dangle in the water, lay back, and shouted, "Shoot!"

I exposed several frames, and immediately my subject was up and back on my side of the stream, and we were hiking deeper into the woods. When we came to a sunny clearing, Rick scrambled onto the trunk of a huge fallen oak and arranged himself so that a shaft of sunlight striped his groin. His body, now dried by the sun, needed highlights, so he oiled himself all over—with an extra swipe at his cock, which grew to still greater proportions. Satisfied, he lay back in half-shadow, his eyes skyward, his erection dominating the scene. His handiwork had caused a small pearl of pre-cum to form at the tip. He was well aware of this and gave the command to "Catch it!" As I did so, I became aware of my own pre-cum seeping through my cut-offs. But I had no time to worry about it. In a flash, we were off again.

In the middle of an open field, our way was barred by a stretch of barbed-wire fence, which was to be our third background. Rick lost no time making as if to straddle the wires, carefully mindful of the barbs. One foot over, one foot behind, it was to be an ass shot—spread cheeks, a peek at Rick's rosy-red pucker, and a tease of his hairy scrotum and penis dangling behind his buttocks.

Next, we came to a ramshackle old outhouse, complete with crescent moon cut into the door. We had gone almost full circle and were now within a few yards of the cabin. I thought at first that we were done with the "art" pictures, but there was to be one more.

"Gotta let off some of this beer," said Rick, and, entering the outhouse, he left the door open so I had a clear shot of his stream arcing from his fat hose to one of the holes cut out of the wooden seat. "Ain't got too much left. Better shoot it *now*," he said, and I realized that my camera was expected to immortalize this bit of rural Americana. I captured it, sly grin and all. Then Rick said, "Guess that wraps it up till your reporter buddy gets here."

Back at the cabin, in preparation for the more formal shots and the interview, Rick searched through a dresser drawer of assorted posing straps and settled on a neat black number. "Most guys like a white strap. Me, I like black. Black has always been lucky for me," he said. He stepped into the tiny garment, making sure that his balls and cock rested comfortably, checking everything in a full-length mirror. Then he stepped out onto the porch just as Ernie's VW pulled into the yard.

I had never seen Ernie on a Sunday, since the widow monopolized his weekends, so I was not prepared for the Ernie who stepped out of the compact car that morning. Seeing him now in skin-tight muscle shirt and the briefest of khaki shorts, tan, fresh, surprisingly athletic-looking for a man who shunned exercise, I could only stare. I even noticed a new sparkle in his eyes, which I attributed to whatever the widow had just served him—in the kitchen and in the bedroom.

Even Rick was impressed. His frankly professional survey, accompanied by a knowing smile, indicated that Ernie Hagstrom rated a ten. "Where do you work out?" Rick asked.

Ernie was quick to reply. "When you've worked on a farm most of your life like me, you don't have to work out."

From then on, it was Ernie who did the questioning, and within twenty minutes he had everything he needed. Rick ate it up like he was a movie starlet being foot-printed at Graumann's Chinese Theatre. I snapped the three regulation pictures, Ernie closed his notebook, and we left—Ernie in his car, me in mine.

"Follow me," he said, and I did, thinking he was going to lead me back into town—to the Keg and Bottle, maybe—but we passed our usual hangout and continued on beyond the newspaper office and uphill toward Rolling Acres Estates.

Sure enough, we were on our way to the widow's house, which turned out to be even larger and grander than I had imagined. But the big surprise was the widow herself: Grace Donaldson was old enough to be Ernie's grandmother. After a quick introduction, the sweet old lady announced that she was off to a bridge game. "You boys swim and enjoy yourself. There's plenty of chicken in the fridge." She was gone.

"Get out of those sweaty cut-offs. You can borrow a pair of my trunks," Ernie insisted. I was about to accept when Ernie added, "I never wear 'em myself."

"Then neither will I."

I forget which one of us was bare-ass first. Probably me, considering how anxious I was to get rid of my cum-stained shorts—which I was pretty sure Ernie had noticed out at the cabin. But if so, he didn't let on. We swam and we sunned and we ate cold chicken.

"How's the writer's block?" I asked, finishing off a thigh. I had noticed a familiar look in Ernie's eyes, a look that always made me wish I could open up to him—*really* open up.

"This writer has gotten over his biggest block for good. At least I'm pretty sure I have." He proved it by edging over closer to where I lay stretched out poolside. His farm-hard body met mine, and his arms circled me in an embrace that made us one. There was no "block" between us as his hard cock introduced itself to mine. Our mouths did the rest.

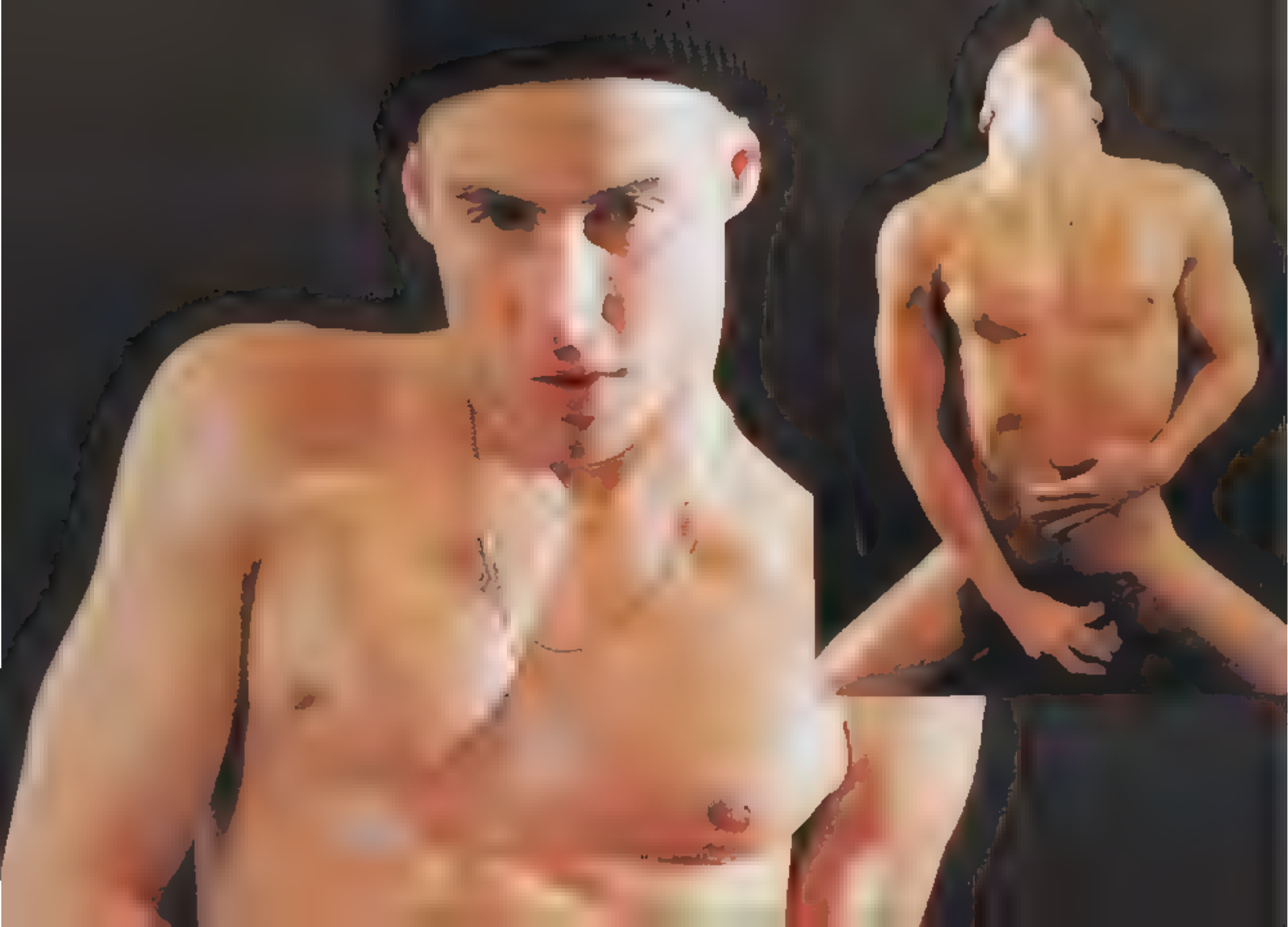
It was the first of a long series of assignments. ■

Check It Out
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JACK PIERSON/DEUCE STUDIO
HONCHO

Yeah, buddy, take a look.

Check It Out

I've got it all worked up just for you.



Check It Out
Give me a hand. You want it.

BARRIERS

He wanted to get his prick level with my mouth so that I could suck him off while Hank fucked me standing up. I'd never been in between two horny older guys like this before, nor had I ever been sucked and fucked simultaneously, but it was a turn-on.

It's amazing all the things that keep people from getting to know each other—social barriers, racial barriers, age barriers, educational barriers. Society erects some of them; others we create ourselves.

Take the case of Henry Clearwater. Hank's a full-blooded Cherokee. I knew nothing about him when we were both assigned the job of opening up Winslow Pass. The pioneers had gone through there a hundred years before, but after that, it had never been a popular route and had become so badly overgrown that even experienced hikers had a helluva time getting through. It was our job to mark a trail for the hikers and stake out a fire lane that would eventually be bulldozed clear of trees and underbrush.

I have a degree in wildlife management, and I've spent a good part of my life in wilderness country. My father was a naturalist and college professor. Hank had come West from Oklahoma. I really didn't know how old he was or how long he'd been in California when I met him. His face was weather-beaten, as were his hands and arms, but when he stripped down to wash in a mountain stream, I saw that the skin under his clothes looked no older than mine, just browner. I mention all this merely to indicate that I don't think I had any prejudices against his age or his color or the fact that he was an Indian.

But we were not communicating. We'd been out working our balls off for more than a week, sharing the same food, sleeping next to the same fire on the hard ground, pissing on the same rocks, and yet I had not learned a single fact about his personal life. He spoke rarely and then only about the work at hand.

I'm not made like that. I like to talk and sing and tell jokes. Plus I was so horny, that I was walking around with a hard-on most of the day, and the inside of my work pants was slick with cum from my steadily drooling prick. I'd always heard that Indian braves are oversexed, but Hank didn't seem to bear live up to the reputation. I wanted to jack off so badly, but I was afraid he might get the wrong idea and spread stories back at the office that I had tried to make him or something. And it was such rugged country, with rattlers everywhere, that it wasn't safe to go jacking off out of sight of each other.

It was on the tenth day that we found the shack. I can pinpoint it because there were only two more days to go until we were scheduled to head back to civilization, where I would have two weeks of sexual denial to make up for. Hank spotted the shack. Although I'd been working within fifty yards of it, I hadn't seen it. He claimed he smelled it, but his nose must be a lot more sensitive than mine. I didn't smell a thing even when we were right on top of it.

This was all state forest and no one was supposed to be living way the hell and gone up here. I figured it must be something left over from pioneer days, but when we looked inside, Hank said, "Looks like someone was living here up until two days ago."

I couldn't be that precise, but I didn't doubt Hank's precision. For sure, someone had been living in the crummy old place until recently. There were dirty clothes thrown on an unmade bunk bed. There were flies buzzing around a food-encrusted pot near the fireplace and some dirty utensils on the table. But even though the place was a pig pen, we decided to move in temporarily. Cooking at a

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fireplace would be better than hunkering down around a campfire, and we could toss for the bunk—if it wasn't buggy.

"Good we found this place," Hank said. "We're in for a bad storm. The rain will start in about two hours." He was always so damn precise, and invariably right. We went back to where we'd been working, gathered up our tools and packs, and made it back inside just as the first drops began to fall. Yes, we were lucky to have found shelter. When it rains in these parts, the arroyos can turn into roaring torrents in minutes. Everything is so rocky and dry there's no place for the water to go but downhill.

Hank brought in some firewood, and I busied myself with tidying up the mess and getting food out for supper. Then, above the steady drumming of the rain on the roof, we heard a noise outside.

"The squatter returns," said Hank.

Seconds later the door opened and a bearded old prospector came in, shaking water all over the room like a collie after a bath. He was soaked to the skin, and beaming from ear to ear.

"There are two of you," he said. "Fantastic! I heard you working in the pass and hoped you might stop by. I don't get much company up here. You're the first humans I've talked to since I went down for supplies last April."

As he talked, he disrobed in front of the fireplace, wringing out his clothes in the middle of the floor and hanging them up to dry on an improvised clothesline. Soon he was trotting around the room buck naked, and he didn't seem the least bit embarrassed. Like Hank, he looked a lot younger without clothes, maybe mid-forties. He was very well built, with thick arms and legs, and he had a fat cock that was enlarging in jerks.

"What are you waiting for?" he asked, coming up to where I was leaning against the fireplace. "Get with it. We're wasting valuable fucking time." With that, he groped me, and I nearly died. "I know you guys have been out in the bush for a couple of weeks. You need it. I sure as hell need it. I ain't had any in so long, I may have forgotten how it goes, but I'm sure it'll come back once we get started. Do you want to go right to fucking or do you want me to suck you first?"

He had deftly unzipped my chinos but was having difficulty extracting my hard on. I was about to protest when out of the corner of my eye I saw that Hank already had his pants unzipped and was working up a tremendous boner—looked to be close to a foot long.

I wasted no more time. I yanked off my clothes and dropped them onto the wet floor. The prospector sucked on my balls for a while, then started working on my cock. Despite what he had said about not having done it for a long while, the man knew his business. For my own part, I was hot as a firecracker. When he worked his hand around to my backside and forced a finger up my ass, instantly I started unburdening my overloaded nuts. And as if this was the sign he'd been waiting for, Hank moved right in behind me and began working on my ass with his tongue and then his fingers.

"Ain't that a pretty sight," the prospector said, watching Hank fuck me a short while later. He had gone over to the other side of the

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room after sucking me off and dragged back the chair. I couldn't imagine what he was up to until I saw him climb up on it. He wanted to get his prick level with my mouth so that I could suck him off while Hank fucked me standing up. I'd never been in between two horny older guys like this before, nor had I ever sucked and been fucked simultaneously, but it was a turn-on.

I had always thought that a guy's fucking days were pretty well over by the time he got to be their age, but I learned otherwise that night. In fact, I learned that I had one helluva lot to learn from the two of them.

We took a short break after Hank came in my ass and the old-timer came in my throat, but, like newlyweds, we didn't bother to get dressed. I fixed supper while my elders swapped stories.

There were no more barriers between me and Hank, whose talk about growing up on a reservation confirmed some of the stories I'd heard about Indians. "When I was a young man, I used to fuck five or six times a day," he said. Fucking was the only pleasure we knew. No radio. No TV. No movies. Books were for school only. When the weather was good, we could go hunting, but in bad weather, we stayed home and fucked."

"I grew up in a mining town," the prospector began. "Never knew which one of the miners was my old man, but it didn't much matter. They were all pretty much alike. My mother ran a boarding house, and I guess she slept with any resident who could scrape up an extra dollar or two. I got broken in very early; couldn't have been more than twelve or thirteen. One of the boarders had taken me out to a stream in the hills to teach me how to pan for gold, but he had other things on his mind. He was a big son of a bitch, and he really opened me up. After that, I could take any of the kids at school with no trouble, and I became very popular, as you can imagine.

"What are you prospecting for up here?" I asked. "It's all state land. Even if you found anything, you probably couldn't keep any of it."

"I like the country and I like being on my own," he said. "I have a pension from the war. Checks come in to the bank in town, and I go by there every six months or so to stock up on supplies. Got a mule to cuss at and keep me company. If I went in the VA hospital like they wanted, I probably would have been dead twenty years ago, but out here in the good clean air, I may last another twenty. The bullet hit me in the chest and caused a lung to collapse, but a guy can live with one lung if he doesn't feel too sorry for himself."

We had a really great meal, which we ate in front of the roaring fire with the rain pounding down on the roof, me all ears as they spun their stories of growing up in a time and in places so different from the college atmosphere I knew. Afterwards, they decided that my sexual education had been sorely neglected, so they demonstrated an assortment of things that gave them sexual pleasure. I never knew a cock could get into so many places or that my body had so many places available for stimulation. They got me excited very quickly and kept me at fever pitch for most of the evening. I must have come at least ten times in all. They both sucked me off, and I reciprocated each time. Likewise, I was fucked by each of them and returned their favors. I also got to watch them fuck and suck each other, which was almost as big a turn-on as participating. They were both very experienced, and I learned a tremendous amount about sex in just twelve hours—as much, in fact, as I'd learned in my preceding twenty-two years.

I slept like a baby on the floor by the fireplace. I was off almost the minute my head touched the floor. Hank and the prospector were on the bunk, my Indian friend's enormous cock embedded in the old guy's rectum.

When I woke up next morning, Hank was standing over me looking at my ass and gently pumping his hard cock. "Can you take it again, or are you too sore?"

"I can take it," I said. "You really are a horny bastard. How many times a day can you make it?"

"When I was your age, I once made it fifteen times in one night, but nowadays I go for quality rather than quantity."

"He really knows how to fuck," the prospector testified. "I ain't had such a time in years."

I was kneeling and Hank was doing me puppy dog-style, so I was free to coax the old guy over for a blow-job. He seemed as raring to go as Hank, despite all the activity the night before.

Sex can be a truly rewarding experience, I discovered with those two guys. Not only can it give amazing pleasure, but it also can break down the barriers that keep most of us from realizing how much alike we all are, with the same desires of the flesh and the same pleasure points on our bodies. The special realization I came to that day was that it had probably been the same in pioneer times, when the prospector's cabin had been built. Then as now, men had lived and worked alone in the wilderness, and when they had company, it was bound to be another lonesome, horny man. I knew in my bones—and in my boner—that they had pleasured each other without guilt, without second thought, just as we were doing. It was only natural. ■

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